

# SPIN

JUNE \$2.50  
CANADA \$3.00

112

OUT OF  
THE BLUES

**MICHAEL  
JACKSON**

RUNNING  
SCARED

AL GREEN  
CROWDED HOUSE  
REPLACEMENTS  
AAK  
JOHN M. JOAKAM  
WARREN BEATTY  
PAUL SHAFFER  
ROCK SPONSORSHIP  
EVANGELISM CRISIS:  
WORD UP FROM  
THE PRAYER TOWER



autorshim





With  
Thanks  
To



What's the Michelob/Genesis Party in Paris?  
It's a free trip on the Concorde with Genesis.  
It's free tickets to their Paris concert. It's 5 days/  
4 nights in a first class hotel. And it could be a  
postcard away if you enter today. Just mail in a  
postcard with your name, address and phone  
number to Michelob/Genesis Party In Paris, P.O.  
Box 49053, Los Angeles, CA 90049 by May 15, 1987.

## The Michelob/Genesis Party In Paris.


### Official Rules—No Purchase Necessary

1. To enter, complete a postcard and mail to: Michelob/Genesis Party in Paris Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 49053, Los Angeles, CA 90049.
2. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be submitted separately. Entries must be received by May 15, 1987. For a copy of the rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (Washington and Vermont state residents may omit stamp) to: Michelob Information, P.O. Box 49053, Los Angeles, CA 90049.
3. Prizes will be awarded in a random drawing of all eligible entries received. Winners will be notified by phone by May 22, 1987. Only one winner per family or household. Prizes are non-transferable; no substitutions allowed. If a prize is not generally available at sweepstakes end a prize of equal value will be awarded. Judges decisions are final.
4. All prizes will be awarded. Odds of winning depend on the number of eligible entries received. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of individual winners.
5. Sweepstakes is open to U.S. residents of legal drinking age (within their state of residence) except employees and their families of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, wholesalers and individual retail licensees. The sweepstakes is void where prohibited by law and subject to federal, state and local regulations.
6. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (Washington state residents may omit stamp) to: Michelob Winners, P.O. Box 49053, Los Angeles, CA 90049.
7. By entering this sweepstakes, winners consent to the use of their names and likenesses without additional compensation.
8. Prize Details: Grand Prize (1): All expense paid trip for two to Paris. Prize includes round trip transportation, 4 nights/5 days lodging, tickets to the event plus \$500 spending money. Value estimated at \$4,500.
9. If winner cannot accept for any reason, an alternate winner will be drawn.

michael 6-87







## TDK BRINGS OUT THE RECORDING ARTIST IN YOU.

Get ready for the performance of a lifetime. Nothing turns on your talent and ignites your fire like TDK high-bias audio cassettes. And once you try them, all others will seem like warm-up tapes.

Our newly formulated SA cassette delivers a feeling of presence and realism that is so intense—you'll feel the fire.

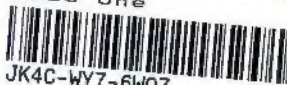
And for the hottest dimension of pure sonic fire, try TDK SA-X. From simmering lows to sizzling highs, it captures the full power of performance—without distortion.

Next time you break out your air guitar, don't play with cassettes that burn out just when the music's getting hot. Turn on to TDK high-bias audio cassettes and play with the brightest fire—forever.



**TDK**  
THE ART OF PERFORMANCE.

This One



JK4C-WY7-6WQZ

TDK also manufactures a quality line  
of video cassettes and floppy disk products.  
©1986 TDK Electronics Corp.



**Introducing  
the keyboard that  
a drummer can really  
get attached to.**



**MT-205 keyboard and DP-1 drum pads.** Here is the keyboard for the musician who wants to defy convention—namely, the conventional preset drum sounds and rhythms that come in most electronic keyboards.

The twelve auto-rhythms included in Casio's stereo MT-205 are anything but conventional. They're PCM samples of the real thing—complete with intros, fill-ins and endings. When played through Casio's exclusive Super Drum system, the result is an incandescent array of

over 12,000 sizzling drum variations.

And when you want to take a break from the auto-rhythms, just plug in Casio's optional DP-1 drum pads, pick up some sticks and go for broke. It's like having a complete set of drums in front of you—snare, bass, rim shot, high hat—eight sounds in all. Only these powerhouse sounds are in a compact package—that comes at a very compact price.

Meanwhile, whoever's at the keys can be laying down melody and auto

chords, either live or in the real time memory, using up to twelve instrument sounds and pre-programmed effects. Or you can store an entire composition in its memory, then play it back and accompany yourself on the pads.

Cut loose with a Casio MT-205 and DP-1 drum pads. It's a hookup you could easily get attached to.

**CASIO.**  
Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Electronic Musical Instrument Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 882-1493, Los Angeles (213) 803-3411.





Volume Three Number Three

June 1987

**Editor, Design Director & Publisher:**  
**Bob Guccione, Jr.**

Executive Editor: James Truman  
V.P./Marketing and PR.: Diana Holtzberg  
Managing Editor/Prod. Dir.: Gregg Weatherby  
Art Director: Amy Seissler  
Assistant to Publisher: Roberto Bayley  
Senior Editor: Scott Cohen  
Tri-State Editor: Glenn O'Brien  
Flash Editor: John Leland  
Assistant Editor: Karen J. Dalan  
West Coast Editor: Bart Bull  
Staff Writer: Robert Keating  
Copy Chief: Lois Draeglin  
Photo Editor: Chris Carroll  
Assistant Managing Editor: Karen McBurnie  
Assistant Art Director: Steven Banks  
Designer: Basil Berry  
Copy Editor: Deborah Gordis  
Staff Photographer: David M. Kennedy  
Business Manager: Mary Sekas  
Advertising Services Manager: Jimmy Saal  
New York Sales Manager: Nancy Arias  
Account Manager: Grace Whitney  
Account Manager: John T. Rollins  
Account Manager: Bonnie MacDonald  
Marketing Assistant: Ellen Bella  
Marketing Assistant: Pamela Adler  
Editorial Assistant: Alexandria Ubilla  
Advertising Assistant: Donna Ronieri

Cover photograph courtesy Pepsico USA

Photograph above by Vinnie Zuffante/Star File



## TOPSPIN 6

**POINT BLANK** / Letters 8

## FLASH

Rock Endorsements, Hoedown in Singapore, Hipsway, *The Duplex Planet*, Salt-N-Pepa, Wire, *Charles Willeford, Missed Information.* 10

## REPLACEMENTS: GROWING UP IN PUBLIC

After seven years of endearingly erratic behavior, the Replacements have fired guitarist Bob Stinson, outgrown their mentor, and taken a stab at the big time. *By Jim Walsh.* 21

## CHRIS ISAAK: MOODY BLUE

OK, he's a handsome guy with sharp hair and cool suits. So shut up, he's good. *By Jonny Whiteside.* 24

## SPINS / Records

Johanny Cash, Wiseblood, Blow Monkeys, Divine Horsemen, James Blood Ulmer, U2, Va-Va-Voom, Meat Puppets, Breakfast Club, *Anthrax, Sly & Robbie, Saints, Spinoffs.* 26

## UNDERGROUND 38

## SINGLES 40

## MICHAEL JACKSON: THE PRESSURE TO BEAT IT

*Thriller* made Michael Jackson pop music's biggest cottage industry and unwittingly its best joke. Now he's got to do it all over again, and the pressure has left him paralyzed. *By Quincy Troupe.* 44

## MOVING IMAGES

Paul Shaffer's favorite late nights; Stills. 50

## FANS

Without them, rock stars would be no different from you and me. A pictorial tribute. 54

## ANTIHERO

Between *Bonnie and Clyde*, which made \$35 million in the '60s, and *Reds*, which cost \$35 million in the '80s, Warren Beatty has remained Hollywood's great seducer. Only now that isn't such a desirable reputation. *By Julie Burchill.* 61

## AL GREEN'S AMAZING GRACE

The Reverend Al Green tries to steal one more embrace in the arms of "Let's Stay Together"; and tonight, the ladies of the flock go home early. Ah, but it is a moment that transcendeth all knowing. *By Bart Bull.* 62

## CROWDED HOUSE

A splendidly successful band from Down Under slogs through a disastrous weekend in Daytona Beach, Florida. *By Robert Lloyd.* 68

## U2: GLORY DAYS

U2 traveled to Nicaragua and El Salvador, came to grips with their political convictions, and, with *The Joshua Tree*, have finally conquered America. *By Colin Irwin.* 72

## DWIGHT YOAKAM, OUTLAW

Dwight Yoakam called Nashville a whore and wound up with a No. 1 country album. *By Henry Beck.* 77

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT

In these troubled times, it ain't easy being the basketball coach at Oral Roberts University. *By Glenn O'Brien.* 82



# TOP SPIN

At the recent Music Business Symposium debate in Los Angeles on the effect of rock on society, Frank Zappa made the profound point that it was absurd to still be debating the rock lyrics controversy. The whole issue, he said, is based on the fantasy that rock 'n' roll can hurt anyone. He pointed out there are more important things to discuss.

He is absolutely right, of course, but intelligence rarely prevails in the early innings, and the issue of labeling records and restricting videos, airplay, and concerts continues, fanned by the tireless enthusiasm of people trying to save us from ourselves, and charlatans trying to cash in on the resulting confusion.

Both sorts made up the opposing side of the Symposium panel: Jenny Norwood of the PMRC; Ann Kahn, head of the PTA; Greg Bodenhamer, director of a heavy metal/punk "deprogramming" organization called Back In Control; and an extraordinary husband and wife team who make "anti-Ozzy records" (their definition). In their opening remarks, they strenuously promised *absolutely conclusive* scientific evidence that revealed, for the first time ever, that rock music does in fact damage the brain. It was very disappointing that they either forgot to do this, or did it so gently as to not draw sufficient attention to the disclosure, and so we missed it.

The issue of record labeling is the issue of censorship, pure and simple. Denying it is censorship—as everyone from Tipper Gore to Jimmy Swaggart insists—doesn't make it censorship any the less. Whenever one attempts to set value judgments, it always comes down to a negotiation of whose values. No one is so skilled as to be able to cut out precisely what is bad for society and leave only what is good. And no one should try—or even be allowed to try. A label on a record is a stigma, a judgment passed. A record that is labeled will suffer inferior display in a record store or none at all, a commercial death sentence.

The stock PMRC argument is that labeling records would be no different than rating movies but, since the environments are drastically different, this is a sly deception. To see a movie, you have to buy a ticket and enter a theater, but once inside all movies are displayed equally, without prejudice. Because a record store is publicly accessible before you have bought anything, where something gets displayed in the store is critical. A record exiled to some remote part of the store doesn't have the same chance to sell as other records. Records—and the artists who made them—will be effectively suffocated.

Retailers are not politically brave, nor

should they have to be in 1987 America. They will yield to the inevitable domino effect that starts with labeling Mötley Crüe records and quickly, like a forest fire, consumes all records that don't meet somebody's standards or political or religious views. Nor will the pressure stop at the record store: radio stations will be pressured not to play music by groups who by their own admission (that little label) produce offensive records. So labeling is not just a philosophical problem, it's a very real artistic danger. Listening to the PMRC ask for their "little label" as a "consumer tool" for parents is like listening to someone you know would like to kill you asking for a gun.

Superficially, many of the PMRC's arguments and professed concerns as parents seem reasonable. But all arguments make some sense on the surface. Beneath the rhetoric of the lyrics question are few facts. For all the hyperbole and disconnected statistics of PMRC arguments, the only medium proven to increase teen suicides is TV movies about teen suicides. No matter how offensive some songs are, protecting teenagers from them is like protecting teenagers from crossing the road.

No doubt some unbalanced, very depressed teenagers are susceptible to negative images in music, or presumably to anything that defines or cradles their despair. But by that point something else is clearly very wrong in their lives, and the music is a psychological ledge for them. To make matters worse, concentrating on the role of music actually diverts attention from the real causes. The notion that music is to blame for America's worst social problems is simply a modern version of Pilgrim superstition. A scared society imagining witchcraft and hunting imaginary witches.

Whatever their motives (and I think they're varied, from the genuine simplicity of the PTA to the PMRC playing politics the way kids play house), these people consistently harp on their one-note contention that all they want to do is impose some uniform values on a society they see as sorely needing them. But the majority of people want a society that has a free flow of information and a free flow of criticism too. Information has no dimension without unlimited opportunity for different opinion.

The irony of essays like this is that they advocate Tipper Gore and Jimmy Swaggart's rights to attack rock 'n' roll just as much as anyone's right to perform it. It's the irony at the heart of the essential principle that makes this country special. It's an irony worth fighting for.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.



Post-Times Photo

Top: SPIN's Roberta Bayley (right) at a Beatles concert in 1964—fans don't change, only the objects of their affections do (p. 54); center: U2's Bono (p. 72); bottom: the gleaming, Reverend Al Green (p. 62).



Acron Rapoport/Onys



Anton Corbijn

SPIN (ISSN 0886-3032), Volume 3, Number 3. © Copyright 1987 by SPIN Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States by SPIN Publications Inc., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965, tel. (212) 496-6100. Postmaster: Send address changes to SPIN Magazine, P.O. Box 10135, Des Moines, IA 50340-1035. Second class postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, and internationally by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, NJ 07021, tel. (201) 227-5100. Editorial offices in above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to SPIN Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and therefore may be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of SPIN. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., APO—\$24 for one year; Canada—\$30 for one year. Single copies: \$2.50 in U.S. and APO; \$3.00 in Canada. Tel. 1-800-341-7378; in Iowa 1-800-231-6692. Advertising offices: New York—SPIN, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965, tel. (212) 496-6100; Midwest—Gordon/Kamrowski, 1309 North Reed Rd., Arlington Heights, IL 60001, tel. (312) 253-7500; Detroit—RPM Associates, 36297 Woodward, Birmingham, MI 48009, tel. (313) 644-6380; West Coast—Cody West, 411 South Marion Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90020, tel. (213) 937-4205. SPIN is a trademark of Bob Guccione, Jr.

# HEAR TODAY.



# HEAR TOMORROW.

 **Clarion® Made to last in the first place.**

Clarion Corp. of America, 5500 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, CA 90260 (213) 973-1100





Alan Messer

## Letters

Edited by Karen Dolan

*Lubbock never looked like this.*

# POINT BLANK

### Livin' and leavin' Lubbock

For those of you who don't live in Lubbock, good, you're lucky. The big, colorful, down-home, country picture of Joe Ely and the tree [April] wasn't taken in Lubbock. There are only about four trees that big in Lubbock. There are no hills. I can't wear an earring to Lubbock High School. A city ordinance prevents buildings from being taller than eight stories high. Joe Ely doesn't live in Lubbock. You wanna know why? It sucks. I don't like many people here and not many people here like me. There is no scene here, there never will be. They try and run us musician-type, hippie-faggots out of town. You wanna know why so much music comes out of here? It's boring. Damn boring. Our band nearly didn't get to open for the Rhythm Pigs at a bar because three of us are minors. But we did. We were awful. It was great. We're moving to Austin.

Jasin  
Lubbock, TX

### Wild about Harry

Thanks for giving women in rock such a great story [April]. "Sex as a Weapon" was fabulous except for one major mistake. You put the wrong woman on the cover. Madonna did not start mixing a powerful rock presence with a sexy image. It was the wonderful Debbie Harry. Congratulations to Belinda Carlisle for being the only diva to give her credit.

Henry Branham, Jr.  
Southgate, MI

### Sing along with Swaggart

I am truly appalled at Glenn O'Brien's review of *The Best of Jimmy Swaggart* [April]. While Mr. O'Brien goes to great lengths to assure us he is not advocating Swaggart's philosophies, just the music, he certainly makes sure to supply us with the address of the Swaggart Ministry should we care to send our \$100 and sample the





ditties. In an era when Swaggart and his cohorts have moved from the relatively benign forum of TV evangelism smack into the political arena, promoting censorship in the name of morality, favorable exposure of any kind was the last thing I expected to see in SPIN. Perhaps if we all send in our orders today, we'll be funding a Falwell/Swaggart ticket in the next election. Look on the bright side, at least we'll have a vice-president with rhythm.

Cathy Dobransky  
Mahopac, NY

### Gene Loves Jezebel

Gene Loves Jezebel, a teenage heartthrob band? The March article puts Gene Loves Jezebel in the same category as Bon Jovi and Menudo. The Aston Brothers do not have that all-American, clean-cut quality that induces the editors of such publications as 16 to plaster their pictures in numerous issues, nor do they get airplay on teen-oriented radio stations. I first heard Gene Loves Jezebel on college radio and in Boston dance clubs—airwaves your average teen has probably not tuned in to—and dance floors that discriminate against those under 21. If Gene Loves

Jezebel's largest audience is teens, as Legs McNeil suggests, why would teens be alienated each time the band plays in Boston? You were right about one thing, Legs, this is "shit you know nothing about."

John Blute  
Boston, MA

### Whining & dining in Nebraska

I was crushed, belittled, and confused to read Dean Christopher's article "Food With a View" [March]. Was it his point that Papillion was a great place to eat steaks and drink beer? Or was it the last place on this continent to hear about Western trends? In Papillion (and Nebraska), we realize there are other, more important things in life than eating slivers of duck liver served by "pert-buttocked" waiters.

Kara Smith  
Papillion, NE

### A Bono to pick

In regards to your Sonny Bono interview in the April issue: With Bon Jovi producing Cher's latest musical attempt, I don't find it difficult to envision Sonny Bono

and the Beastie Boys! I think Mr. Bono is one of the most notable songwriters of our time: "I Got You Babe," "The Beat Goes On," "Bang Bang," they're all classics. I keep my old Sonny & Cher LP's right up front with the Violent Femmes, Lone Justice, and U2. Hey, maybe Bono and Bono could get together. . . .

Felicia Calabrese  
Pontiac, MI

### Bob, you're a fine one. HA!

Thanks for enlightening me on the subliminal evil motives that many media forces are employing nowadays ["To Hell With Rock 'N' Roll," March]. I've done some research on the subject, and you'll be glad to know I've uncovered further evidence to support your findings:

DURAN DURAN—"Demonic Understudies Reviewing Atheistic News" (said twice for greater effect)  
R.E.M.—"Rebellious Emperors of Mephistopheles"  
PRINCE—"Pious-Ridiculing, Inferno-Neighboring Character of Evil"

And you, Bob, you're a fine one to talk . . .

SPIN—"Satan Peddling in INK"  
Eric Cooley  
Seattle, WA

### Sink your teeth into this

I'm a dental assistant to an oral surgeon. While at work, I'm expected to be kind of serious. That is to say, I shouldn't go walking around the office giggling like a fool. I shouldn't have to leave a patient in the chair in the middle of a procedure because I have just burst into squeals of laughter right in his face. I got to Dean Christopher's article on nouvelle cuisine [March] at the end of my lunch hour. How can I conduct myself in a professional manner while I am remembering food described as "tommyrot" and "sleek scraps of steaklike substance" framed by "nubbies of cauliflower," all tasted only for "nanoseconds"? Let's see more of his stuff, then I'll pass SPIN around at my next funeral.

Lynn Lang  
Ozone Park, NY

### Back track

"I went through a lot of pain for that tattoo. I don't want Richie getting credit for it."

—Dave Bryan of Bon Jovi tells us it was his back—not Richie Sambora's—pictured on page 99, April.

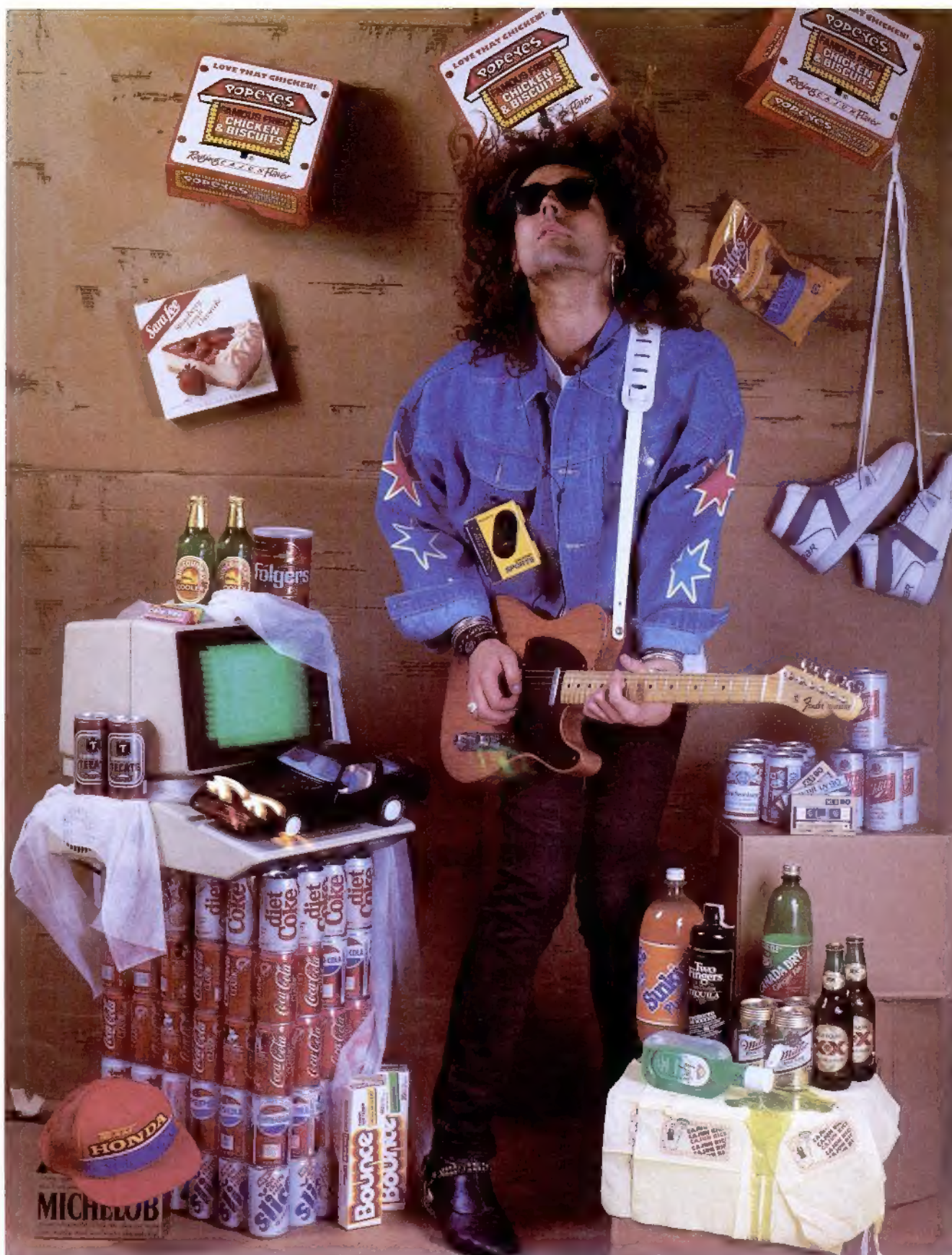


**L**ifestyles of the smart and sensible. A new form of driving excitement is here.

The all-new LeMans, imported by Pontiac. Designed with purpose. With loads of interior room. Confident over-the-road response. And the unexpected extras of thoughtful appointments you'll really appreciate.

**THE NEW PONTIAC LEMANS**  
WE BUILD EXCITEMENT





Chris Carroll



**Michelob Beer:** Genesis/Phil Collins (AD, TS & M)\*; Roger Daltrey (M); Wang Chung (M).

**Honda:** Lou Reed (AD & M); Grace Jones (AD); Adam Ant (AD); Devo (AD); Sting (TS); Beach Boys (M).

**Diet Slice:** Gina Schock/Debbi Peterson (AD).

**Pepsi-Cola:** Michael Jackson (AD, TS & M); Glenn Frey/Don Johnson (AD, TS & M); David Bowie (AD, TS & M); Tina Turner (AD, TS & M); Lionel Richie (AD, TS & M); Ray Charles (AD).

**Coca-Cola:** Duran Duran (TS); also sponsors World Music Video Awards.

**Diet Coke:** Whitney Houston (AD & M); Pointer Sisters (AD).

**Bounce Fabric Softener:** Whitney Houston (M).

**Chevrolet:** Pointer Sisters (TS); Alabama (TS).

**Ford:** Rick Springfield (TS).

**Lincoln Mercury:** Rod Stewart (M).

**Dodge:** Kenny Rogers (TS).

**Apple Computers:** Graham Nash (M).

**Tecate Beer:** Tom Petty (TS).

**Carefree Sugarless Gum:** Hall & Oates (contest sponsorship).

**Sun Country Wine Coolers:** Ringo Starr (AD); Four Tops (AD); Grace Jones (AD); Stevie Nicks (TS); Heart (TS); The Judds (TS).

**Folgers Coffee:** Dwight Yoakam (TS); Ronnie Milsap (TS).

**Sara Lee:** Manhattan Transfer (AD); Debbie Harry (AD); Al Jarreau (AD).

**Popeyes Fried Chicken:** Fats Domino (M).

**Fritos Corn Chips:** B.B. King (AD); Lacey J. Dalton (AD).

**L.A. Gear (Sneakers):** New Edition (AD).

**Schlitz Beer:** The Who (TS); ZZ Top (TS).

**Budweiser Beer:** Blasters (AD); Leon Redbone (AD); ZZ Top (TS); Triumph (TS).

**Maxell Tapes:** Aretha Franklin (AD).

**Canada Dry:** Hall & Oates (TS).

**Miller Beer:** Del Fuegos (AD); Long Ryders (AD); dB's (AD); also numerous sponsorships through Miller's Rock Music Network.

**Two Fingers Tequila:** Jimmy Buffett (TS).

**Sunkist:** Beach Boys (TS & M).

**Dos Equis Beer:** Stray Cats (TS).

**Agree Shampoo:** Belinda Carlisle (AD); a-ha (TS).

**Levi Jeans:** Buddy Miles (M).

**Wrangler Jeans:** Willie Nelson (AD & TS).

**Swatch Watches:** Fat Boys (AD); Thompson Twins (TS); Belouis Some (TS).

**Sony:** Genesis (AD); Rod Stewart (TS).

**Le Coq Sportif (T-Shirt):** Kool and the Gang (AD).

**Chess King Menswear (Jacket):** Dweezil Zappa (AD).

# FLASH

Rock Endorsements, Hoedown in Singapore, Hipsway, The Duplex Planet, Salt-N-Pepa, Wire, Charles Willeford, Missed Information

Edited by John Leland

## SEASON OF THE PITCH

**E**arlier this year, at a New York nightclub purged of all Coca-Cola products, David Bowie, pausing only to order a Pepsi, answered questions about his forthcoming U.S. tour. He was introduced to the assembled press not by his publicist or his record company, but by a Pepsi executive, who announced Pepsi's sponsorship of the tour. He also revealed plans for its marketing climax: a Pepsi commercial pairing Bowie with Tina Turner, scheduled to air this summer. The only detail not mentioned was Bowie's fee; unofficial estimates place it below Michael Jackson's \$10-million-plus Pepsi deal, but on line with the sums Pepsi has already paid Lionel Richie and Don Johnson and Glenn Frey for product endorsements.

Whatever, this was no big deal. Unlike Bruce Springsteen's rejection last year of a \$12 million offer from Chrysler, this was just business as usual. Corporate sponsorship has become a central feature of rock 'n' roll, as easily as rock video did five years ago.

In one sense, corporate sponsorship is nothing new. Back in the '30s, blues singer Sonny Boy Williamson lent his name and picture to a brand of cornmeal marketed by his radio sponsor,

King Biscuit Flour. But his was an isolated incident; until recently, there were only isolated incidents. So what happened? "Rock 'n' roll changed," says Danny Socolof, president of MEGA, a New York company that pairs rock stars with corporate sponsors. "In the '60s, rock was a scary proposition in most corporate boardrooms. It became the antithesis of materialism and the corporate American way. But in the '80s, that no longer holds true."

The agent of this change was, improbably, the Rolling Stones. In 1981, they accepted more than \$1 million from Jövan, a perfume company, for sponsorship of their American tour. "It caught a lot of people by surprise," says Jay Coleman, president of Rockbill, the company that put the deal together. "Here was a group that was very much associated with the counterculture getting involved with a corporate sponsor. It really put the concept on the map."

It also opened the floodgates. Musicians who had formerly turned down endorsements, or done them on the sly in Japan, went public. Companies like Rockbill and MEGA now have as many bands looking for sponsorship as they do corporations looking for bands. Most deals begin with tour sponsorship. In

exchange for fees of \$200,000 to more than \$1 million, the sponsor buys the right to use its name and logo on concert tickets, stage banners, and radio promotions. In some cases, it also buys rights for direct promotions. Last year, when Agree Shampoo sponsored a-ha, the company ran a national sweepstakes, advertised in all its retail outlets, in which a high school could win a free appearance by the band.

But the most lucrative corporate tie-ins are print and television endorsements. Here, fees often start in the millions. And the deal are proliferating. Whether it's Ringo Starr endorsing wine coolers, Lionel Richie endorsing Pepsi, or the Del Fuegos endorsing beer, they now cover a wide demographic base. "Rock 'n' roll music is the common denominator of 12 to 34 year olds," says Jay Coleman. "It's a wonderful way to target young people."

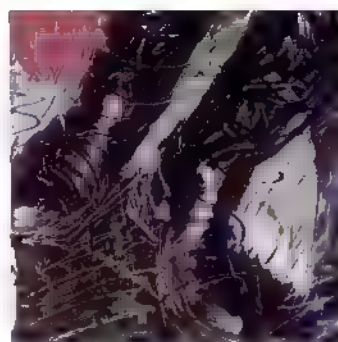
But who benefits, exactly? Ticket prices on sponsored tours are generally no cheaper than on unsponsored tours. "Obviously, a good portion of the sponsorship money goes toward the tour's profitability," says Coleman. "Essentially, it's become a way of adding to the bottom line."

—Eric King  
(Research by Celia Farber)

\*(AD) denotes personal appearance in print and/or TV ads; (TS) denotes corporate tour sponsorship; (M) denotes musical contribution to an ad campaign.



# EVEN SINGAPORE COWBOYS GET THE BLUES



Sensler/Condit/Berry

During the '70s and early '80s, tens of thousands of Americans abandoned the Texas oil fields and moved to Singapore to work the rigs. The "Oilies," as they became known, flocked to Singapore bars with names like Genevieve's and The Armadillo ("Home of Country Music East of Nashville!") to hear local bands like Mathew and the Mandarins, Gypsy, and Don Nonis and the Mavericks play old favorites. The island dubbed itself "the Nashville of the Orient."

But when oil prices crashed, the Oilies packed up and left Singapore, leaving country western bars with deserted dance floors and a surplus of Jack Daniels.

"It ain't like it used to be," drawls native country music legend Mathew Tan as he surveys the meager crowd gathering to watch him perform at the Peacock Bar. "A couple years ago we'd have 'em square-dancin' in the aisles."

In 1975 Tan slung a guitar over his shoulder and left Singapore for Nashville, Tennessee. He immediately landed a job there as a singer-guitarist for the Nashville Express and toured the United States with the band.

During his self-imposed exile in America, Tan wrote the song that inspired his moniker, "Singapore Cowboy" ("I was born half a world from Nashville/ Where all year long the summer breezes blow/ And while my friends were flying kites and planting Bonsai trees/ I got high on country radio").

Tan returned to Singapore in 1977 to find that tens of thousands of Americans had begun using the island as a land base for offshore oil drilling activity. He was an instant success with the homesick Southerners. Packed houses of good ol' boys cheered on the Singapore Cowboy every night as he and his backing band, the Mandarins, went through their paces at the Peacock Bar. Finally, Tan opened his own bar and restaurant to cater to his huge following of big-spending American oil riggers.

That was before the bust. Mathew's closed last year, shortly after the big American oil companies pulled their personnel out of Singapore. The Mandarins left Mathew to play disco at local nightclubs. All told, Tan estimates that he lost one million dollars during the aftermath of the oil industry crisis. But he nevertheless keeps the

faith. Mathew and the New Mandarins are now back at the Peacock Bar playing to small but enthusiastic audiences of curious German and Australian tourists.

"Anyone playing country music in Singapore is gonna go the way of the dodo," says Dixie Ferdinands, leader of the former C&W band Gypsy. His band is still together, but it now plays Top-40 hits, disco music, rock 'n' roll, and just a smattering of country selections.

"Unlike the States, where there are enough people to support different musical genres," points out Dixie's brother, Gypsy guitarist Melvin, "Singapore is so small that we cannot afford to limit ourselves to country music unless we have a regular clientele like the Oilies who want it."

Meanwhile, back at the Peacock Bar, Mathew and the New Mandarins have launched into their spirited rendition of "Lucille" for a small group of elderly Australian tourists in the corner. Which goes to show that you can take the cowboys out of Singapore, but you can't take the Singapore Cowboy.

—Mark Jenkins

## WHAT IS HIPSWAY?

Call it bubblegum or call it garbage, but this year's ranking one-hit wonder (after Robbie Nevil) looks like an affably handsome Scottish trio called Hipsway. Their one hit, the three-minute alpha and omega of their cultural impact, a hit of proportions rivaling those of drummer Harry Travers's monstrous proboscis, is an infectious, lightly funky peasean to hymen-snatching called "The Honeythief." Admit you like it and no one will ever think you're cool again. But then, didn't they say that about the Starland Vocal Band too?

It may be premature to write off a band as a one-hit wonder before it has dropped a second single, but with Hipsway, as with Nevil, the signs are clear, and they foretell a future of heavy drinking and yearning for what miraculously once was.

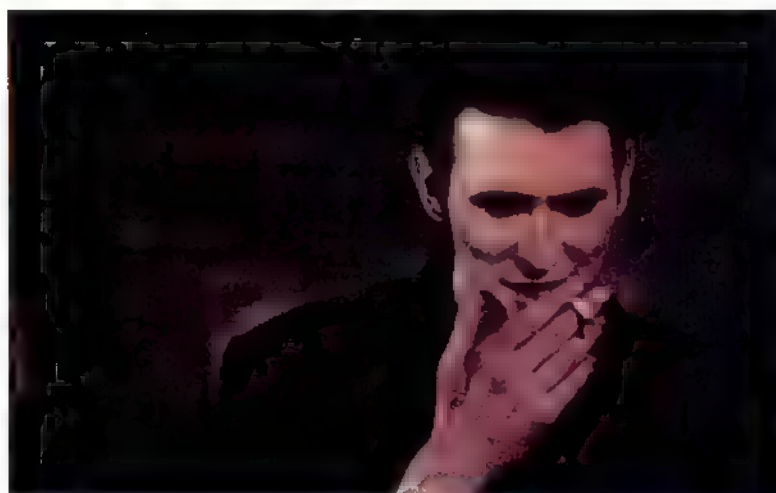
The signs: *The song grew out of artistic and literary conceits.* "The Honeythief" is about the gaining of the cherry," says Travers. "It came to us in an art gallery in Glasgow where there's a painting called *Cupid and the Honeythief*. I just thought it was an amazing concept: Cupid, the little rascal, stole honey. The lovable Cupid. And we just tied that together with the book *Lolita*. It's not fluffy. We're real human beings. You pop a cherry, that's you. It don't get any more real than that. That's gutsy stuff."

*The band denounces the hand that feeds it.* Pim Jones: "I don't buy singles 'cause there's hardly ever any good music on them."

*They claim the Velvet Underground as spiritual kin.* Grahame Skinner: "The first thing I liked was Lou Reed, Bowie, Roxy Music, all that sort of thing. Soul was just the last genre we've gotten into, and that would probably be why everyone thinks we're a soul band."

*They claim Marvin Gaye as spiritual kin.* Travers: "What Goes On [sic] by Marvin Gaye, that's like one of my favorite albums ever. That's a real social album, an album calling for social change, not just like a party record. That's what we like to get from soul music."

*They're rationalizing already.* Skinner: Quite honestly, I'd happily face-



Andrew Vailand

less as long as we sold albums. But you've got to have a single to start."

Johnny Ace, Boyd Bennett, Thurston Harris, the Monotones, the Royal Teens, Bobby "Boris" Pickett, Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs, the Surfers, the Honeycombs, Barry McGuire, Bobby Fuller, the Seeds, ? and the Mysterians, the Music Machine, Van McCoy, the Human Beinz, Sammy Johns, Knack, Nena, and Billy Vera & the Beaters can only smile indulgently and welcome another member to their club.

—John Leland

*Hipsway singer Grahame Skinner savors a post-"Honeythief" cigarette.*



17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette • FTC method

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

# THE REFRESHEST



© 1987 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



# ▲ DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE GILLIGAN'S ISLAND?

**YES, ACCORDING TO  
THE DUPLEX PLANET, AMERICA'S  
STRANGEST MAGAZINE.**

In 1979, David Greenberger, a tall, gangly man with a sleepy moustache, was working as activities director at the Duplex, a nursing home in Somerville, Massachusetts. To keep the residents amused, he started a little in-house magazine, *The Duplex Planet*, for which he'd interview the patients about cavemen and food and music and life; anything to keep them thinking and talking.

*Where do hot dogs come from?*  
Harold Farrington: Wonderland.

*What's a dude?*  
Viljo Lehto: A dude can be like a bird, or it can be a pony turd ■ a closet—like horse manure—a pony turd in a closet. I talked to some professionals.

Like most ideas of genius, the idea behind *The Duplex Planet* was simple. Just a paper to entertain the patients. But it was headed in the wrong direction. The patients liked answering the questions, but had no interest in the magazine.

*What can you tell me about Massachusetts?*  
William "Fergie" Ferguson: It's one of the greatest shoe states in the country. Especially ladies' shoes. They have ladies' shoes that go right up to your knee—and I mean up to your knee. And they didn't

Shakespeare. Gilligan's Island. Right near New Hebrides. The Hebrews owned that island. Everyone on earth lived on that island. It was like a people's symphony—everyone lived on that island.

David Greenberger: "I'd start asking them questions, like what sort of food they'd want to have named after them, and they'd be scratching their heads. I'd leave the room and they'd go, 'What the hell is he talking about?' Which is what I'd try to do for them, to just have them wonder. To shake up their day a little bit."

*What can you tell me about the behavior of fish?*  
Fergie: They are very, very careful that they do not make any mistakes. Of course, they make mistakes like anyone, but they try not to. But they make ■ mistake just the same. Different kinds of mistakes, too many to mention.

Ken Elgin: I'm sorry, fish and me don't agree. I don't know. Fish and me don't agree—they're on one side of the street, and I'm on the other, five blocks away.

David Greenberger: "Fergie confers a whole other wonderful logic onto things by smashing them up. He's like an accidental philosopher, he twists things around, unintentionally sometimes, but there's a poetic strength to the way he states things that makes me stop and think."

*What do you know about dinosaurs?*  
Fergie: Why, what's the matter with them? There's nothing wrong with them—if you treat them right, they'll treat you right. You treat them wrong, they'll treat you wrong. You treat a dinosaur with courtesy, and they'll treat you with courtesy. We got along with dinosaurs very well. Their lady friends will tell you we treat them very well.

David Greenberger: "I didn't have a background in working in nursing homes, so I brought to it everything else I knew. I've met the most confusion from social workers, from nursing home workers. In the past, whenever there'd been an article on us, I would always get some inquiries from administrators. And in all cases, when they'd call and have me send them sample copies, I never heard back from anybody. It's just too different."

Greenberger brings to *The Duplex Planet* a sensibility that lies somewhere between Studs Terkel and Captain Beefheart. He plays bass in a local band (Men & Volts) and has played at the Duplex and brought in other bands (Jad Fair, ½ Japanese, The Incredible Casuals) to play for the residents. Up until Ken Elgin's death a few years ago, each issue of *The Duplex Planet* featured Ken's Corner, in which Elgin reviewed the odd assortment of records Greenberger would play him each month (a mix of the Shaggs, Sam the Sham, Albert Ayler, the Sex Pistols, and Muddy Waters). In one issue he described a cut by Ornette Coleman: "You know what that is? That's a big black man playing a little tiny saxophone while walking around in a circle. And the circle never gets any bigger, and the saxophone never gets any smaller."

Greenberger stopped working at the Duplex several years back and now lives and works in Saratoga, New York, with his wife and their new child. But he continues to visit the Duplex to interview the residents. Like Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, these are people who've come unstuck in time and who are in the process of reinventing their own histories and the history of the world.

*From an issue on the Beatles:*  
Bill Lagasse: They were pretty good—the greatest team goin'—a quartet. I guess they made their money and went home. They had long hair and looked



D. Greenberger

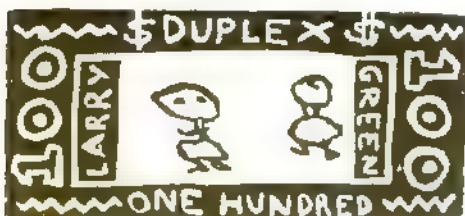
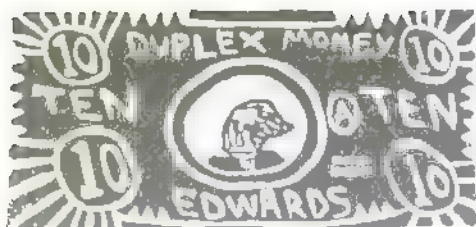
*The wise sages who make David Greenberger's Duplex Planet the most improbably brilliant magazine in America.*

used to have much on. And when they'd lace those babies up, you could see from here to Winston Churchill, and you know what a tall son-of-a-bitch he was. And they'd fall down and say it was their equilibrium—ha. Equilibrium my ass.

David Greenberger: "The first issues weren't really intended to circulate outside of there at all. They were stapled in the upper left hand corner; I'd make 45 copies and give one to each of the residents, and they mostly threw them away. Then friends saw the first issues, and it was making a different sort of sense to them. It makes facts seem less important than the way in which things are said. These people have facts ■ wrong, but they're still getting across ■ real sense of themselves."

*Did Shakespeare write Gilligan's Island?*  
Fergie: How the hell do I know. He might have. He did. It was called *Gilligan's Island*. Gilligan's Island was a lost island. It was never supposed to ■ found, but it was found by William Joseph





pretty good—the girls liked 'em. They had a guitar and another electric guitar, and of course you couldn't tell the name of the songs—I was sleepin' most of the time when he said 'em.

One of the Beatles got shot. And he died. He was syndicated—turned to ashes. That was the end of him. A gunman shot him. Thirty-fourth street. Gunman shot him because ■ spit on his shoe and said it wasn't him, it was his brother and he made a mistake. That's all I know. The rest of them are still around, playin' on the stage. They went to the funeral, I guess, when he died. He was syndicated.

Walter Kieran: I don't know nothin' about the Beatles—I can tell you more about the Salem Fire. June 25, 1914. It burned seven days and seven nights. We had doughnuts and coffee by the Salvation Army.

Bill Hughes: Don't know much about 'em actually. That's not a good question to ask me. Except that they were young men from Liverpool, England, and unemployed at the time. They were poor young boys—fifteen, sixteen—kicking the bricks in Liverpool, and they either found, stole, or were given some cheap instruments.

I think I explained to you once why that should be pronounced Liverpool. It's named after a lake which is a fairly large lake to the northeast of the city, and it's inhabited by birds which are called liver birds—not livers, which is an organ in the body. They're liver birds—you underline the i to emphasize it, pronounced like lie. It's kind of ■ fish-eating water bird, something like a cormorant.

Francis McElroy: Oh them. They're a nice animal.

Larry Green: Larry, Moe, and Joe—the Beatles. One got shot didn't he? Killed him outright? Oh Jesus, that's tough. Was it a fight over a girl? What was it, gamblin'? Crap game? Poker? Ohhh, that's too bad. They were good . . . did you ever hear the Mills Brothers?

—Brian Cullman

## YAKETY YAK

"When Brian Epstein played me this acetate . . . of a group called the Beatles, which I thought was a silly name, I listened and didn't think much of it."

—George Martin

"I've paid my dues."

—Bianca Jagger



If you're partial to our whiskey, drop in a line. We like getting ill know our friends.

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, these gentlemen make whiskey as their fathers before them did.

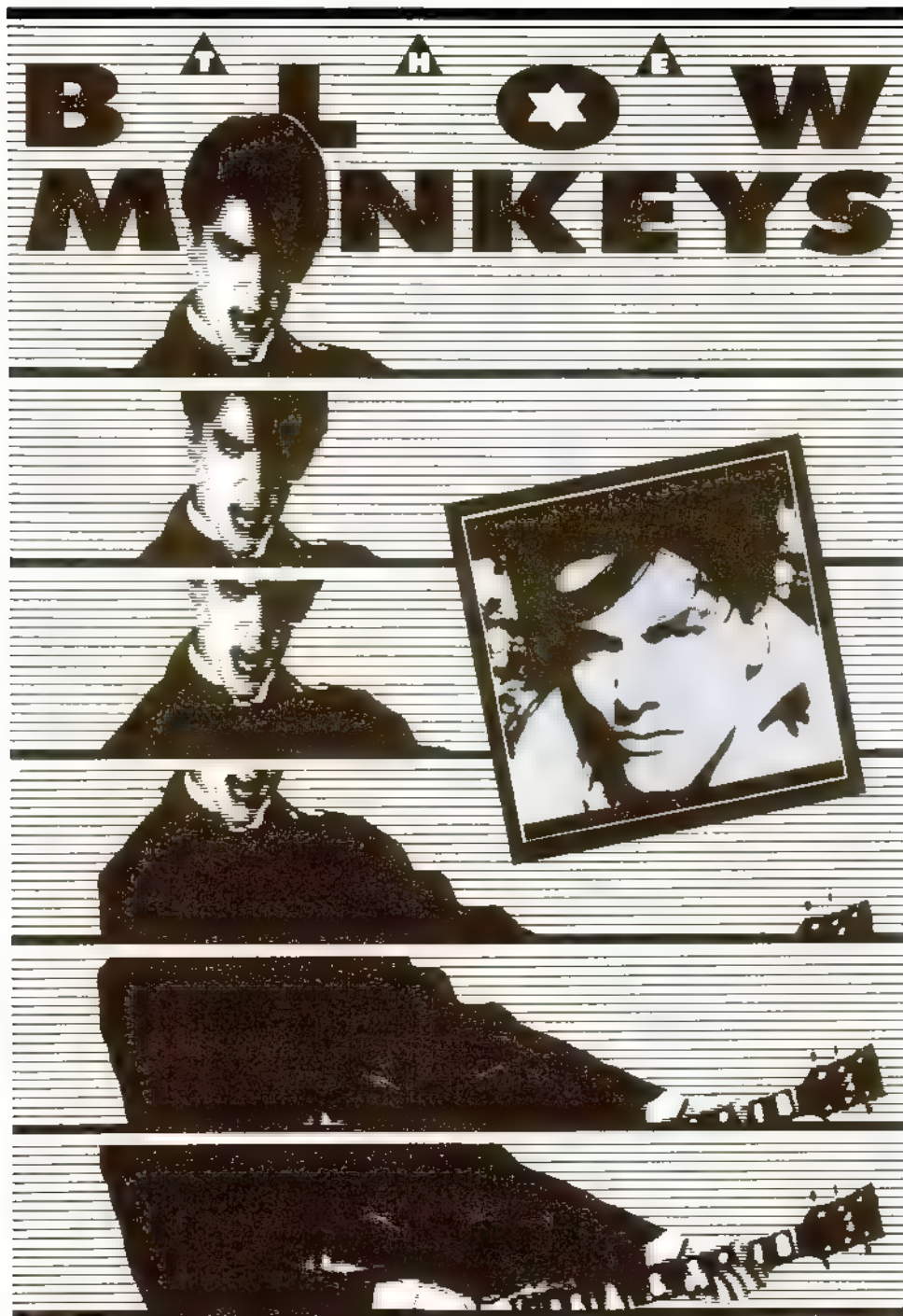
There are dozens of men who work in our Hollow whose fathers have worked here too. That's good, because it means the elder hands can pass their knowledge and skills to newer generations coming along. That's the way it's been since Mr. Jack Daniel taught his nephew, Lem Motlow, how to make whiskey. A sip, we believe, and you'll be glad we still set store in family tradition.



SMOOTH SIPPIN'  
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey•80-90 Proof•Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352





THEIR NEW ALBUM

# SHE WAS ONLY A GROCER'S DAUGHTER

FEATURING

"IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY"

**RCA** Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs

TMK(s) ® Registered - Marca(s) Registrada(s) ® RCA Corporation - © 1987 RCA / Ariola International

**\$6.99** LP or Cassette  
Sale ends 6/12

RECORDS & TAPES  
**Record Bar**



## QUEENS OF RAP

When I bought Salt-N-Pepa's album, *Hot, Cool & Vicious*, at the Wiz on 14th Street in Manhattan, the checkout girl held it up for everybody to see and said, "These girls are BAD." But maybe you want a second opinion.

**Salt** (left): We're the queens of hip hop!

Salt is Cheryl James and Pepa is Sandra Denton. They come from St. Albans and Queens Village, middle-class black enclaves at the edge of Long Island. Two years ago they were both going to nursing school and working at Sears.

**Salt:** Our supervisor was this guy named Hurby, who's our producer now, Hurby Luv Bug. But back then he was going to school to be a sound engineer. He was gonna make an answer record to Doug E. Fresh's "The Show" for his class project, and he asked us to be on it.

**Pepa:** He picked us because we were loud. We were the loudest, happiest girls at Sears.

"Showslopper" hit Top 20 on the black charts.

**Pepa:** All of a sudden, it was like "Wow, did ya hear these girls dissin' Doug E. Fresh!"

**Salt:** Yeah, then they'd say, "Whoa, you girls are in trouble now. They're gonna get you."

**Pepa:** But they didn't come after us. They probably thought we were just gonna fade away and didn't want to give us any recognition.

Fade away? No way. These girls were serious. They went back into the studio with Hurby and took the gloves off. For the girls: If you don't watch out, I'll take your man! And for the boys: *Tramp! I betcha got a chick on the side!*

**Pepa:** The guys love to hear us. When we call them tramp, they scream for more.

**Salt:** And when we take your man, we always give a reason why we're doing it.

**Pepa:** A good reason. Like 'cause you tried to disrespect us. I don't think there's anything negative about it. Kids today have a low self-esteem. When they listen to us go on, they turn it around and say, like, "Yeah . . . I am bad. I can do anything I want to do."

Salt-N-Pepa want to make videos and movies. They want respect. Pepa lives with Markie-D of the Fat Boys, and she figures if he got up to the top, she can too.

**Pepa:** Look at L.L. Cool J. Anything he says is like LAW.

**Salt:** We gotta get to the point where we're like that.

**Pepa:** We're getting there.

—Daisann McLane



After seven years of solo projects, Colin Newman, Graham Lewis, Bruce Gilbert, and Robert Gotobed have reunited. Wire, the most jarring and enigmatic pop-referent band to come out of the 1976 English punk scene, is once again among us.

Watching Wire in the days of the Roxy was like seeing the pop song violently dismembered and jammed back together, with the nerves on the outside. The band's first album, *Pink Flag*, introduced the modern one-minute song and spoke in sinister riddles like, "Said you weren't a tuna fish put in a tin, they're very big, ha, ha," accompanied by instructions to "repeat in infinite possibilities." The second album, *Chairs Missing*, was slower and even more haunting.

But their masterpiece was *154*, an LP of danger and tension, of imperfectly seen vignettes, that sounds as terrifying today as it did when it came out seven years ago. It was a brilliant album, but it split the band up. "If you listen to *154* now," says vocalist Colin Newman, "there are almost too many ideas in it. It seemed obvious that we had to go away and get all the diverse ideas out of our systems before we could record again as Wire."

Since 1980, the members have individually and in combination released records as B.C. Gilbert, Dorne, He Said, Duet Emmo, and Colin Newman. But according to Graham Lewis, the four always kept alive the possibility of reforming as Wire. "Wire is the same now as it

# TOTALLY WIRE



Wire (L-R) Colin Newman, Robert Gotobed, Graham Lewis, Bruce Gilbert.

has always been," he says. "It's an experiment; it was a matter of getting together and seeing whether there were areas of interest that we could still address."

There were. Last winter the group returned with its old sense of lurking violence and some new music: an EP called "Snakedrill" and the LP *The Ideal Copy*. "One of the most important things about Wire," says Lewis, "is that it should adapt to the times. That's what the title of the LP is about; it refers to the ideal copy, which is DNA, which will survive and adapt to any climate. We were asked recently what we would have done different about the old records if we had done them today. The answer is, we wouldn't have done those records today. *154* was the ideal copy for its time. *The Ideal Copy* is the ideal copy for today."

The difference, really, is technology. On *The Ideal Copy* Wire uses machines that didn't even exist in the band's early days. "It's a fascinating thing to interact with," says Lewis. "What we're dealing with is the interface between complex technology and basic noise." Gilbert adds: "It's most powerful in composition. It's almost like cybernetics, where you have a basic pattern and you feed in another piece of information and see how that changes the system."

And Wire continues to mutate into the modern age.

—Don Watson



David Keller

## CRIME FINALLY PAYS

CHARLES WILLEFORD, CULT NOVELIST, RETURNS TO THE BOOKSTANDS

Charles Willeford, at age 67, likes the Dead Kennedys and the Clash. He lives in South Miami and, since 1953, has been writing lean and unrelentingly hardboiled fiction that's tough even when it doesn't appear to be. Elmore Leonard, reigning king of detective fiction, has said that "Willeford, writing with quiet authority, has the ability to make his situations, scenes, dialogue, sound absolutely real. No one writes a better crime novel."

From *Miami Blues*:

*Freddy grasped the Krishna's middle finger and bent it back sharply. The Krishna yelped. Freddy applied sharper pressure and jerked the finger backward, breaking it. The Krishna screamed, a high-pitched gargling sound, and collapsed on his knees. Freddy let go of the dangling finger and as the Krishna bent over, screaming, his wig fell off, exposing his shaved head.*

Until recently, you had to be a detective to find most of Willeford's books. Copies of his out-of-print works had become cult items; on a *Miami Vice* episode last year, Detective Zito appeared on a stakeout reading a dog-eared copy of *Miami Blues*. It would be too much to expect the entire Willeford corpus in return to print. But cult status does have its rewards, albeit late. Ballantine Books has reissued *Miami Blues*, and St. Martin's Press has followed with the book's two sequels, *New Hope for the Dead* and *Sideswipe*. Black Lizard Press, the folks responsible for returning Jim Thompson to bookstores, has reprinted *Pick Up*, *The Burnt Orange Heresies*, and *Cockfighter*; and ReSearch Arts has reprinted a twofold of *Wild Wives* and *The High Priest of California*, Willeford's first published books.

By most accounts, including his own, Willeford's best novel is *Cockfighter*, a book about the breeders and sportsmen who follow the illegal gamebird fighting circuit in the West and Southwest. Director Monte Hellman made a film of the book in 1974, with Warren Oates and Harry Dean Stanton. But according to Willeford, the film was a whitewash: "They take a tough piece of writing and change it all around." The movie didn't do well, he says, "because guys didn't want to take their girlfriends to a movie about roosters killing each other."

For years, this unsuccessful film has been the closest Willeford has come to mainstream national prominence. If there's a God, this new batch of releases will change that.

—Josh Moroz



# INFORMATION

## MISSED

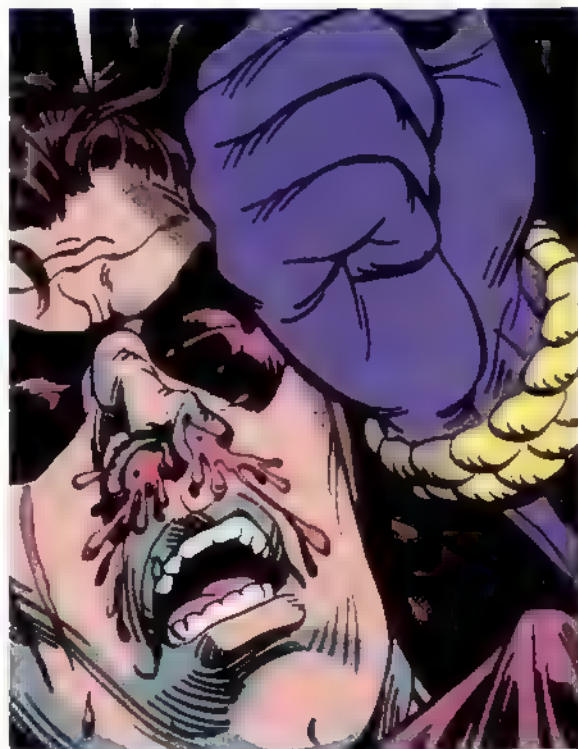
Obligatory **Beastie update**: The first casualty of the Boys' **Safe Sex** Tour was dancing enchantress **Eloise**, who apparently didn't take the tour name seriously enough. To fill her empty cage, the Beasties recruited honorary Eloises in every city. Rumor holds that some were actually of **legal age**.

▲ Further damages: Columbus, Georgia, police chief Jim Wetherington criticized his staff for letting the Beasties **skip town** after they encouraged the local flowers of **Southern womanhood** to bare their breasts on **several** occasions. "We are paid to uphold the law," he said, "and I'm not sure we did that." Then in Louisville, the group **refused** ■ written request not to use their

killer prop: a 14-foot plastic penis. Says Lyor Cohen from the band's management company: "Our lawyers said we had our constitutional **rights to party** and display penises in any fashion." ▲ **Allan Jaffe**, owner and founder of Preservation Hall in New Orleans, and the man most responsible for keeping Dixieland jazz alive, died of cancer at the age of 51. ▲ **Spam**, the culinary equivalent of the Beastie Boys, **turns**

**50** this year. ▲ **Get stupid, y'all**: trying to grab a piece of the fundamentalist big time, Mainland Assembly of God Church pastor **Rev. Jerry Sturgeon** held his own **record burning** in Linwood, New Jersey. Before the eyes of about 150 people and perhaps God, Sturgeon torched the works of such aspiring antichrists as Elvis Presley, Pat Benatar, and Kiss. And in the process, soothed his 15-year-old daughter's **seething hormones**. Quoth Kristi Sturgeon: "I want to burn it. For me to serve Jesus, it's impossible to listen to rock and to worship Him. Rock makes me feel **lustful**." ▲ Demonstrating the power of the **Miami sound**, New York's Hot 103-FM tied for first place in a recent rating poll, just six months after adopting its new format. To celebrate (actually not to celebrate), the station distributed **5,000 free condoms** to local club-goers. We can only look forward to the victory party after they take sole possession of first place. ▲ **Freddie Green**, legendary guitarist from the Count Basie band, died in Las Vegas on March 1. He was 75. ▲ **Phil "Philly Animal" Taylor** has abandoned his promising solo career to rejoin folk revivalists **Motörhead** on their upcoming tour. ▲ The **coldest** record on the market right now is the **Bruce Springsteen** live box. Despite the hype and enormous initial orders, Columbia has now been **forced** to refuse returns from stores that **can't sell** the thing. ▲ Congrats to Boston's WBCN-FM, which won its second consecutive Gavin Award for Album Station of the Year. More important, Larry "The Duck" Dunn and Dennis McNamara from New York's WLIR took the awards for Alternative Music Director and Alternative Program Director, respectively. And most important, the awards ceremony lasted only **35 minutes**. There's ■ lesson to be learned here. ▲ Comic book artists **Alan Moore** (*Swamp Thing*, *Watchmen*), **Frank**

**Miller** (*Dark Knight*, *Elektra*), **Howard Chaykin** (*Times 2*), and **Mary Wolfman** (*Superman*) have threatened to resign from DC Comics if the publisher goes ahead with plans to institute a PMRC-type rating system for its comics. ▲ Q: How many **A&R men** does it take to screw in a lightbulb? A: I don't know, what do you think? ▲

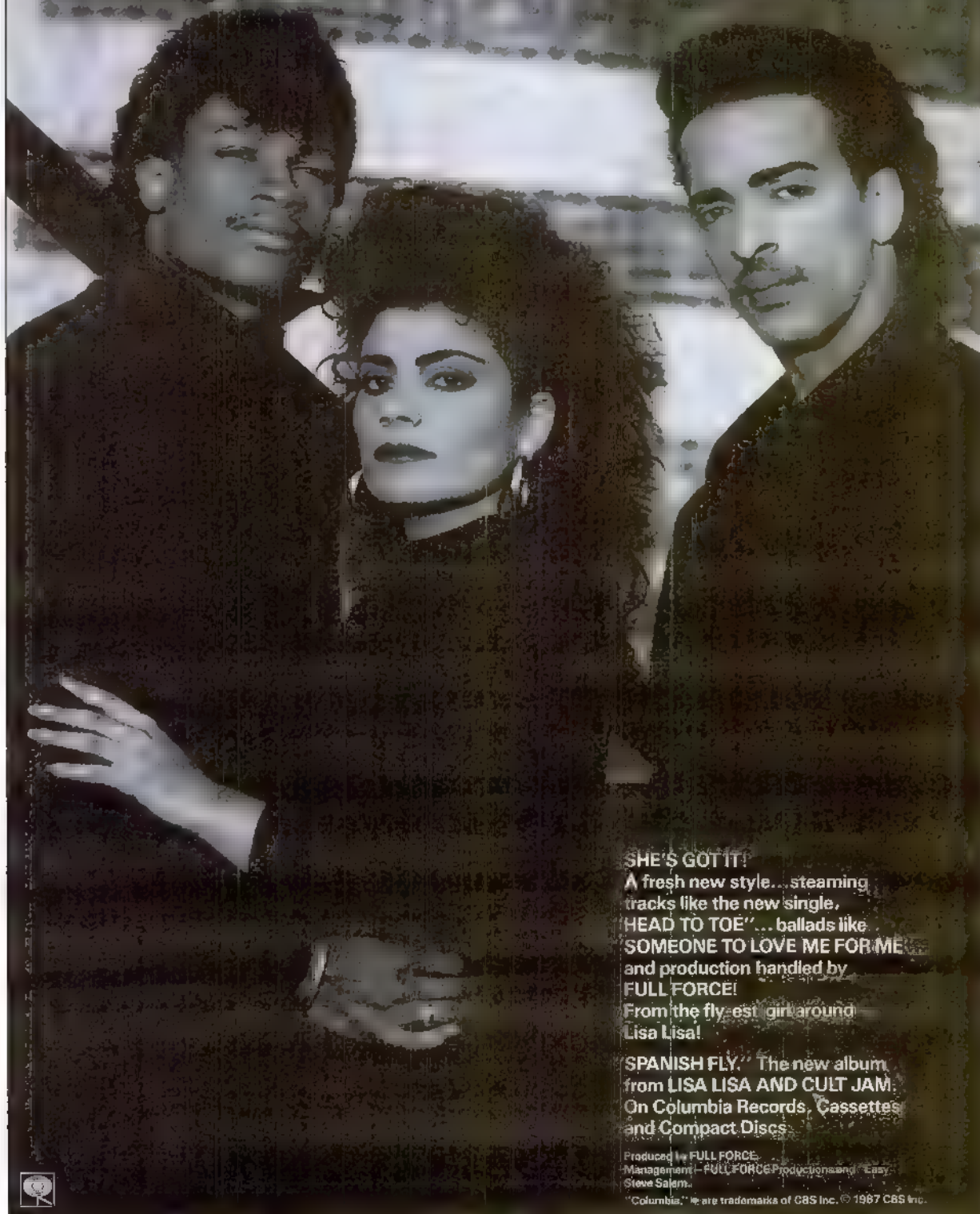


*The Comedian loses his sense of humor in Alan Moore's Watchmen.*



# LISA LISA AND CULT JAM

They've Got The Thing To Rock The Party. "SPANISH FLY"




## SHE'S GOT IT!

A fresh new style...steaming tracks like the new single, **HEAD TO TOE**...ballads like **SOMEONE TO LOVE ME FOR ME** and production handled by **FULL FORCE!** From the fly-est girl around Lisa Lisa!

**"SPANISH FLY"** The new album from **LISA LISA AND CULT JAM**. On Columbia Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs.

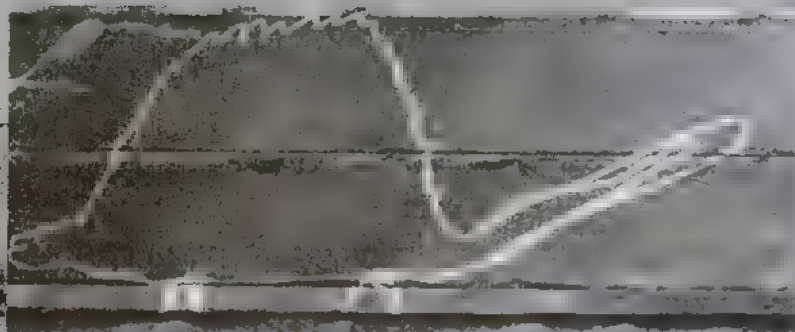
Produced by **FULL FORCE**.  
Management - **FULL FORCE Productions** and **Easy**.  
Steve Salem.

"Columbia,"  are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1987 CBS Inc.



# DEAD LETTER OFFICE

A SPECIAL COMPILATION OF SINGLE  
B-SIDE SONGS AND RECORDING OUTTAKES.



# R.E.M.

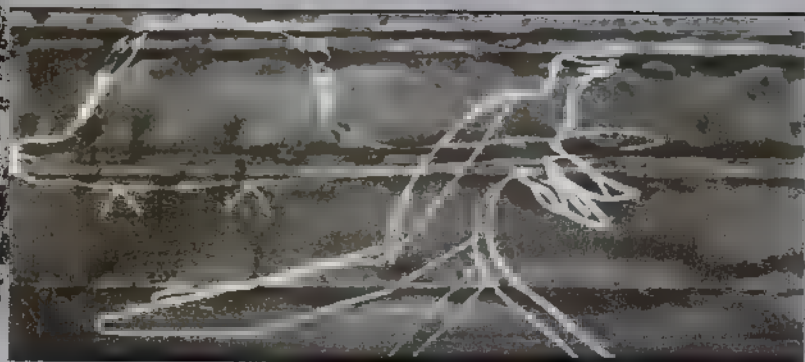
**LINER NOTES BY PETER BUCK.**

COMPACT DISC INCLUDES THE COMPLETE  
5 SONG **CHRONIC TOWN E.P.**

What About The A-Sides?

**R.E.M. SUCCUMBS:**

A compilation home video cassette on



SP 70054

© 1987 INTERNATIONAL RECORD SYNDICATE, INC. MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY AM RECORDS, INC.





Paul Westerberg

After seven years without a change, the Replacements have fired their guitar player, split with their mentor, and recorded their most complex album to date.

# GROWING UP IN PUBLIC

Article by Jim Walsh

June, 1986. The Replacements are roaring through one of their patented skittish sets at the Ritz in New York City when singer/guitarist Paul Westerberg belly flops into the crowd. The sea of bodies parts; Westerberg goes down hard to the floor, where a combat boot stomps firmly on his left hand, breaking the ring finger. As he returns to the stage, the band makes a valiant effort to finish the set, but the pain proves too debilitating. They abort the set and saunter offstage.

This was the last the world heard from

the Replacements for almost a year. By the time they resurfaced in April with their new *Pleased to Meet Me* LP, the band had fired guitarist and band clown Bob Stinson and split with longtime manager/mentor Peter Dinklage.

In the living room of the south Minneapolis apartment that he shares with his fiancée, Paul Westerberg puts on a Young Fresh Fellows tape and begins to reflect on the growing pains of the last year. He's wearing jeans and a flannel

9.27





Larry Levine

Replacements  
Tom Stinson,  
Paul Westerberg.

shirt; a stack of music magazines beside the couch and a couple dozen cassettes are the only indications this is a musician's apartment. "When we started," he says, pausing to sip from a midmorning Schmidt, "we definitely had a fear of success. We had a fear of everything. We were all very paranoid, and I think that goes hand in hand with the excessive drinking thing. We'd get drunk because we were basically scared shitless, and that snowballed into an image. Now we're a little more assured of what we're doing. We're not positive which way we're going, but we think we know what mistakes lie ahead, and we're trying to sidestep 'em."

The first casualty of the new attitude was Bob Stinson. Stinson was the band's Mr. Hyde, the delinquent who earned them their reputation as delinquents. He performed in skirts, dresses, diapers, garbage cans, and the altogether; but, beginning with 1985's *Tim* LP, his musical contribution had become minimal. The other three members had recorded the album's basic tracks without him; afterward, Stinson had added guitar parts that Westerberg fed to him. "I'm not sure if he was lazy or maybe a little intimidated," says Westerberg. "And that was sort of degrading to him and to me, because he's a better guitar player than I am, and I never wanted to sit down and show him things that he could already do."

"I think he enjoyed touring, because of the 'fringe benefits' aspect of it, but he wasn't really willing to work for it anymore. We got tired of it, because it got to be kind of like dead weight. We gave him chances. For a long time we were saying, 'Bob, c'mon, get your shit together,' and we'd try to help him and have patience, but it got to the point where he'd miss practice or he'd show up in a state not ready to work or play."

Jespersion likewise had been with the group since the beginning. In 1980, less than a month after their first gig, he signed them to Twin/Tone records, which he had cofounded, and immediately became their manager. But when they jumped to Warner Brothers in 1985, they moved beyond his managerial depth. Jespersen and the band went their separate ways last August, a move Westerberg feels was, in many ways, harder to digest than the decision to fire Stinson.

"Peter was like a fifth member of the band, and in

the beginning, I'd give him a lot of credit for our success. He was invaluable. When we had no money at all, he would always buy us drinks and lunch and things like that. He kept us together in the beginning. And then we grew up a little. We were young when we started—I was 19, Tommy was 13, and he was six or seven years older, and he could calm us down when we needed it. Consequently, we grew up to the point where we could call 'em ourselves. We didn't need a 'dad' or a 'big brother' anymore; we needed someone to guide our career more than we needed someone to take care of us."

Warner Brothers provided the career-guiding management to replace Jespersen. To fill the void Stinson left, the band chose Bob "Slim" Dunlap, longtime sidekick of local legend Curtiss A. His "audition" consisted of an afternoon of drinking beer.

"Slim is more like a fourth member of the band than a hired gun," Westerberg says. "We originally thought that it would be a good idea to get a hot guitar player and be the Replacements and . . . Joe Blow. As it is now, it's like, the Replacements with a new guy who isn't a great guitar player, isn't a great singer, just as we are not great at what we do, and he fits in perfectly. He's working out good, but the tale will really be told when we play live."

Warner Brothers was sufficiently encouraged by the changes that it extended the band's two-album contract to four or six records. In exchange, the label expects concessions. Like a video. The Replacements have been outspoken about their aversion to the medium, particularly in the song "Seen Your Video" and the "anti-video" to "Bastards of Young," which consisted of a single shot of a stereo speaker. But in 1987, big time success has become contingent upon videos. This is not lost on Westerberg, but as an idealistic traditionalist, he still has trouble with what rock 'n' roll has become.

"'Seen Your Video' isn't necessarily 'every video sucks, all video is absolutely taboo.' It's 'Seen your video/Your phony rock 'n' roll,' and it's pointed at videos that glorify how 'cool' it is to be in a band. You know, the chicks at your feet, the chains, the leather, that kind of stuff. But we might do a video. It's a definite maybe."

"But if you see our video," he continues, "it's not going to be anything you've seen before. It's gonna be something that isn't at all like the spirit of the band. The 'Bastards of Young' video was the attitude of the band, but the spirit of the band together is something that shouldn't be filmed. Almost like—it might be stupid, it probably is—like the Amish people, or whatever, who won't have their picture taken because it steals their soul. I almost feel like that, too. Because it steals something that the cameras should not take away from the band. I think that mystery is far, far better than to splash it out in front of 'em, and show 'em exactly what the bands look like, and exactly what they do. I mean, that's the fun of seeing a band live. [Record companies] see video as selling more records and making more money, but to me it's crass and it's wrong for the Replacements."

"We don't get down on our knees and say, 'I want to be a star. I will look it, act it, dress it, be it. Make me one.' We just say we don't want to fail, and we'd like to go at our own pace. So we'll probably end up being something really boring like fuckin' REO, who were around for nine years before they made it. I can see that happening to us more than us ever being on the cover of *Newsweek*."

Just a few years ago, the last thing the Replacements seemed was in it for the long run. Bob Stinson's antics and Westerberg's instinct for making the worst of a bad situation turned the band's early shows and records into portraits of a band teetering on the brink of complete collapse. Part of the group's appeal was the possibility that they might go over. How could they keep this up? But with each album, Westerberg's songwriting has asserted itself and given the band confidence to work beyond their comfortably self-defeating image. And it's also given Westerberg reason to keep at it. "If I were to quit," he says, "I would come home from my job and turn on the radio and think, 'fuck, I can play as good as them,' or somethin' like that. And that's the thing that drives me. I think that if I quit now, how far could I have gone? What song could I have written? And I have enough of that in me that's going, 'don't be a chicken, see what you can do.'"





**You won't believe your ears, either.**

The exciting new Memorex® dBS, MRX I and HB II. They're a feast for the ears as well as the eyes.



# MOODY BLUE

**I**t's a forlorn, hurtin' sound. Passion and pain are the man's specialties. His voice soars like Roy Orbison's, and he was naïve enough to do a dead-ringer moody Elvis stare on the cover of his first album. Even so, Chris Isaak is one of the few rock 'n' rollers around pursuing a distinct and original style.

A song on Isaak's first album set the tone and summed up the stance: "The Lonely One." Curiously, he pulls off the pose without the irritating self-pity common to those who work the same long-shadowed side of the street. Unlike many of the sensitive-Limey acts extant, it's not the elegant sufferation of the singer that's devised to draw the listener in; instead, it's as if Isaak were singing about you rather than to you.

"There's a difference between being wimpy and being world-weary," says Isaak. "Like, Roy Orbison has got songs where he's talkin' about real hard times, and he doesn't sound wimpy at all. There's a lot of power in it. And if you heard some English band doing the same lyrics, like 'Only the Lonely,' and start droning about it—it makes you want to grab the singer by the throat and start slappin' him, and say, 'Snap out of it, man! Go surf for a while!'"

With just two records, Isaak has crafted a fresh musical niche. Drawing equally from rock 'n' roll and country & western, the sound of *Silverstone* and his latest, *Chris Isaak*, is soft but still hard. Blue notes receive a Hawaiian twist, and the atmosphere is heavy enough to raise your home's humidity reading. Responsible in no small part for Isaak's signature sound is guitarist Jimmy Wilsey, previously best known as bassist for the Avengers, one of the few truly punk punk-rock bands to emerge from Northern California's early club scene. An absolutely ace rhythm section (Kenney Dale Johnson, drums, and Rowland Sailey, bass) greases a fine groove that emphasizes Wilsey's surf/voodoo/Morricone leads, perfectly complementing Isaak's elusive feel. And that's not to mention Isaak's hunkish good looks, the rough-hewn soulful look of an ex-boxer duded up in loose-fitting double-breasted gabardine suits.

"I think a lot of the sound is Jimmy's guitar. It's real spooky. I like to use the word 'pretty' when I talk about his guitar. It's like the guitar player from heaven and the rhythm section from hell and the singer





There's a difference  
between wimpy and  
world-weary, and Chris  
Isaak knows it.

Article by Jonny Whiteside

Photography by  
Andy Freeberg

from Stockton, California, in the middle." Stockton is the central California town known as "Fat City," the place where the boxing movie of the same name was set, and it happens that Isaak used to be a boxer himself. He was on a Golden Gloves tour in Japan when he decided to become a singer, at least partly because he was so impressed with the respect the Japanese gave to American music.

It's plain to see the front man is proud of his band and his sound. "It's a good combo. I try to keep my guitar playing pretty simple and rhythmic. I try to leave a lot of space and openness for Jimmy. When he's playing leads, I consider myself back there with the rhythm section. I don't like bands where there's a battle between guitar players for leads."

As for his albums, they make a perfect set of melancholy bookends, almost overwhelming in their single-minded obsessiveness. The new record's opening track, "You Owe Me Some Kind of Love," establishes the perfect tone for home persecution. Yet, interestingly enough, for a guy whose songs are exclusively about loves lost, strayed, or decayed, Isaak does not, in any way, shape, or form, sing the blues. For a white boy who combs his hair back, wears baggy suits, and strums fat, hollow-bodied guitars, such an omission is baffling. What gives?

"I like blues, but I'll tell you one thing—I don't like to get into formats that have been really worked over, and then stick with them. I guess I'm into country & western, and that's been worked to death, but I'm trying to blend a few things together instead. I'm actually starting to write songs a bit more blues-based. We're doin' a version of 'Baby, Please Don't Go'—I like that song."

The band's debut tour was a series of remarkable residencies at small clubs in major cities around the country. The term "residency" was appropriate: Isaak would book in at each club for a four-week stand, playing five nights a week. In his home base of San Francisco (a city whose contributions to rock 'n' roll are among the most wretched of any town on the West Coast), Isaak would have lines going out the door and halfway up the block.

"We figured we could play a big hall once every two months, and people would say, 'Oh, they don't play very often,' and in the process you get a

lot of people out and make a lot of money. Or you can play every night and make less money at the door—but you still make money, and you get better.

"A lot of people, when they get signed to do an album for a big company, they think, 'Fuck, we shouldn't be playing in bars now, it's beneath us.' But personally, I really enjoy playing in bars. It's weird, 'cause I don't drink or anything, but I really enjoy it. The audience is right in your face, and you can try out a lot of different numbers. And I think we're some of the only people who get to work that much—well, the only people who don't sell a lot of records, who play their own original material, and still get to work this much. Other bands who do that shirk of playing every two months, they get a good draw, but they're not very tight."

Despite the lock he and Wilsey have on their trademark sound, Isaak seems eager to expand his range. "I like to sing, and I don't feel backed into a corner with my voice. I don't have to shout it out. I can do soft stuff. I mean, I did a session with Chet Baker [the legendary '50s cool jazz trumpet cat], and I really loved doin' a thing with him. We did 'Imagination'—and here Isaak sings a smoky "Imagination . . . is just a silly thing . . ."—"real drifting and super slow, with just a trumpet, me singing, an upright bass, and a piano."

"I was real scared, to tell you the truth, because Chet Baker has riffs upon riffs. He can play anything! But I would love to do something like that—not a whole album, because I consider myself rock 'n' roll, and I want to play rock 'n' roll. There's a whole lot of directions I'd like to try, and I'm sure a lot of them are going to be the wrong ones, but if I don't try, then I'll be just beatin' it to death."

The unity of style on Isaak's albums is remarkable, but it might end up being somewhat frustrating too. Does the possibility worry Isaak? "It will if I do two more albums that are similar. I think I have things to say that I can still use with this style or else something very similar. Like I said, there's a lot of things I have to try, and I'm sure I'm gonna fail at some of 'em."

"But if I don't try them, then that means I'm stupid, that I've just learned three or four tricks I've figured people like, and I just keep repeating them ad nauseam. That's not cool."

## "BEST READING ON ROCK & SOUL" NY DAILY NEWS

"STIMULATING"  
NY TIMES

"AVIDLY READ"  
LA TIMES

FROM PAYOLA TO  
POLITICS, VETERAN  
ROCK CRITIC DAVE  
MARSH'S 8 PAGE  
MONTHLY  
NEWSLETTER  
SHOWERS ITS WRATH  
ON THE RECORD  
INDUSTRY, AND ITS  
AFFECTION ON THE  
RECORDS. GET ROCK  
& ROLL  
CONFIDENTIAL AT  
HOME.

"WANT THE REAL  
POOP? A STEAL AT  
\$18 A YEAR"  
PLAYBOY

Subscriptions are \$18 a  
year (\$30 for 2 years) in  
the U.S. and Canada, \$25 a  
year (\$44 for 2 years)  
foreign. Sample copy \$3.  
US FUNDS ONLY, PLEASE!  
Send to Rock & Roll  
Confidential, Dept. S, Box  
1073, Maywood, NJ 07607.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_





David Corb

# SPINS

Johnny Cash,  
Wiseblood, Blow  
Monkeys, Divine  
Horsemen, James  
Blood Ulmer, U2,  
Va-Va-Voom, Meat  
Puppets, Breakfast  
Club, Anthrax, Sly  
and Robbie, Saints,  
Spinoffs

## Platter du Jour

**Johnny Cash**  
Columbia Records: 1958-1986  
Columbia

There's a wonderful moment in *Eat the Document*, the still unreleased documentary on Bob Dylan made just after *Don't Look Back*. Dylan, wild, frizzy haired, at the height of his career, is in a rented room somewhere in Nashville and is introduced to a gaunt, slightly misplaced-looking Johnny Cash.

"It's an honor to meet you," Dylan says. "I'm a real fan of yours."

"You are?" Johnny Cash looks genuinely surprised.

"Yeah. I know some of your songs." Dylan sits down at an old upright piano and nervously pounds out a ragged version of "I Still Miss Someone," stopping about halfway through to turn to Cash. "Yeah. It goes something like that."

"No," Cash shakes his head sadly. "No, not at all."

Cash has been standing there, shaking his head, going his own way for so long it's easy to forget about him, to write him off for the very qualities that make him interesting and valuable. In this double album anthology, the best of nearly 30 years of recording for Columbia, it's remarkable to see just how little he's changed, how consistent his attitude, his vision, and his sound have remained, from his early recordings of "Oh, What a Dream" and "I Still Miss Someone"

in the '50s to a recent and luminous recording of Bruce Springsteen's "Highway Patrolman."

"I don't dance, tell jokes, or wear my pants too tight like a lot of entertainers do, but I do know about a thousand songs," he's said in the past, and that's a good place to begin. Cash doesn't have the redneck wildness of Jerry Lee Lewis, the nearly pathological melancholy of Charlie Rich, the mad vulnerability of George Jones, or Willie Nelson's wild ambition to duet with every living soul in North and South America. Johnny Cash seems a thoroughly decent man, the sort people used to describe as God-fearing, the Jimmy Stewart of country music; and as every schoolboy knows, it's the lunatics and show-offs and liars and thieves that get the headlines, while the decent folk get on with the business of living their lives and doing their work.

In this he resembles Springsteen more than a little. Like Springsteen, he has an affable, conversational voice—its pitch is always aimed at being emotionally true and the notes fall where they may. You'd no more question his pitch than you'd question the pitch of a car horn or a gunshot; it simply is. With his rich, craggy baritone, Cash is a natural storyteller, almost a preacher, and the songs recorded in Folsom prison and San Quentin have a chilling rightness about them.

Cash is not a fiery vocalist; there is a heat and a tension inherent in his best work, but he smolders more than burns. You can hear it in "Five Feet High and Rising," in the chilling "Ballad of Ira Hayes," and in the way he can bring chestnuts like "The Leg-

# Hoodoo Gurus blow your cool!

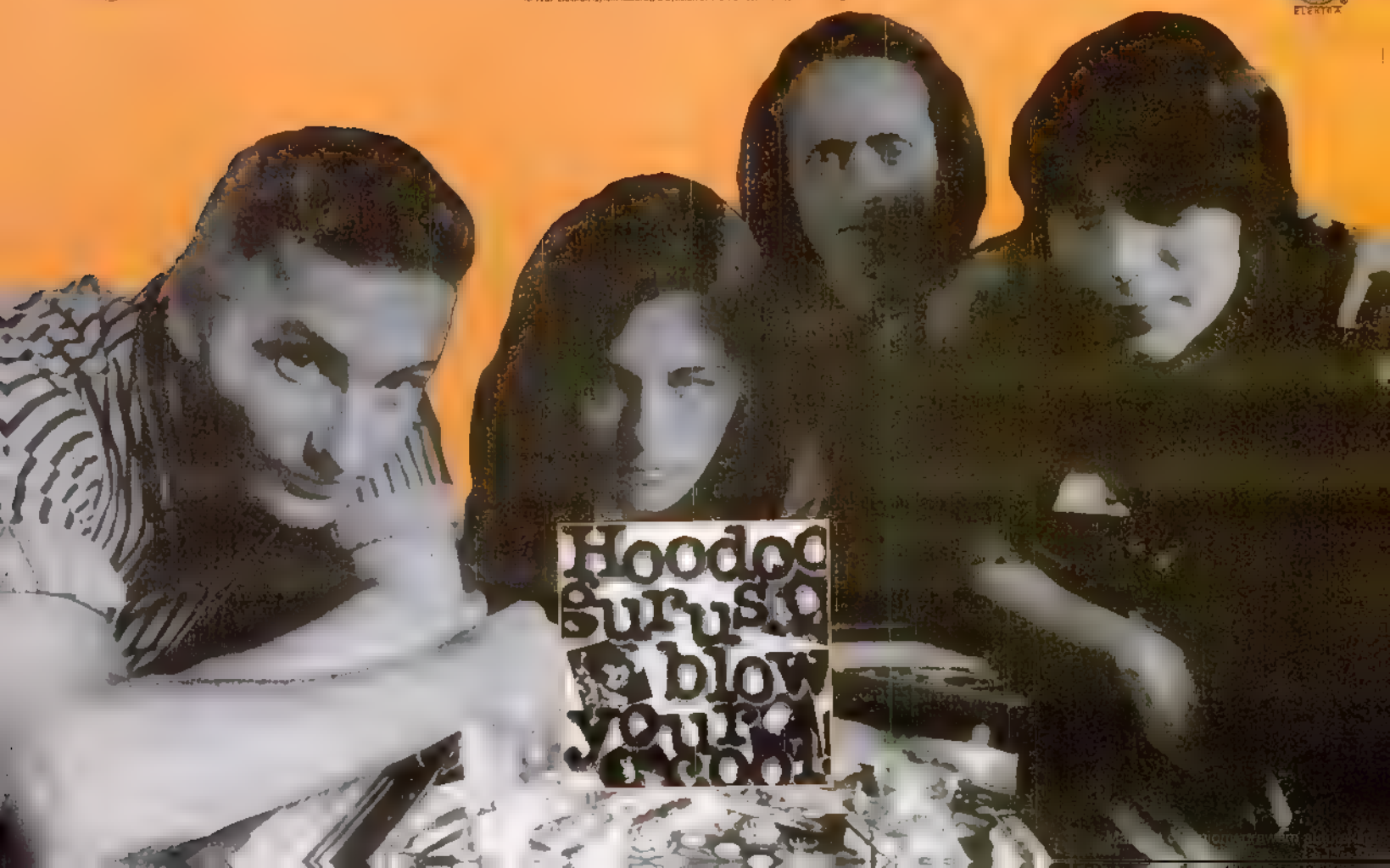
**BLOW YOUR COOL**—the latest from the HOODOO GURUS.  
Eleven guru-vy new grooves from the *STONEAGE ROMEOS* who brought you *MARS NEEDS GUITARS!*  
Featuring "Good Times" and good music.

So, don't blow it! Buy it!  
Produced by Mark Opitz and The Gurus

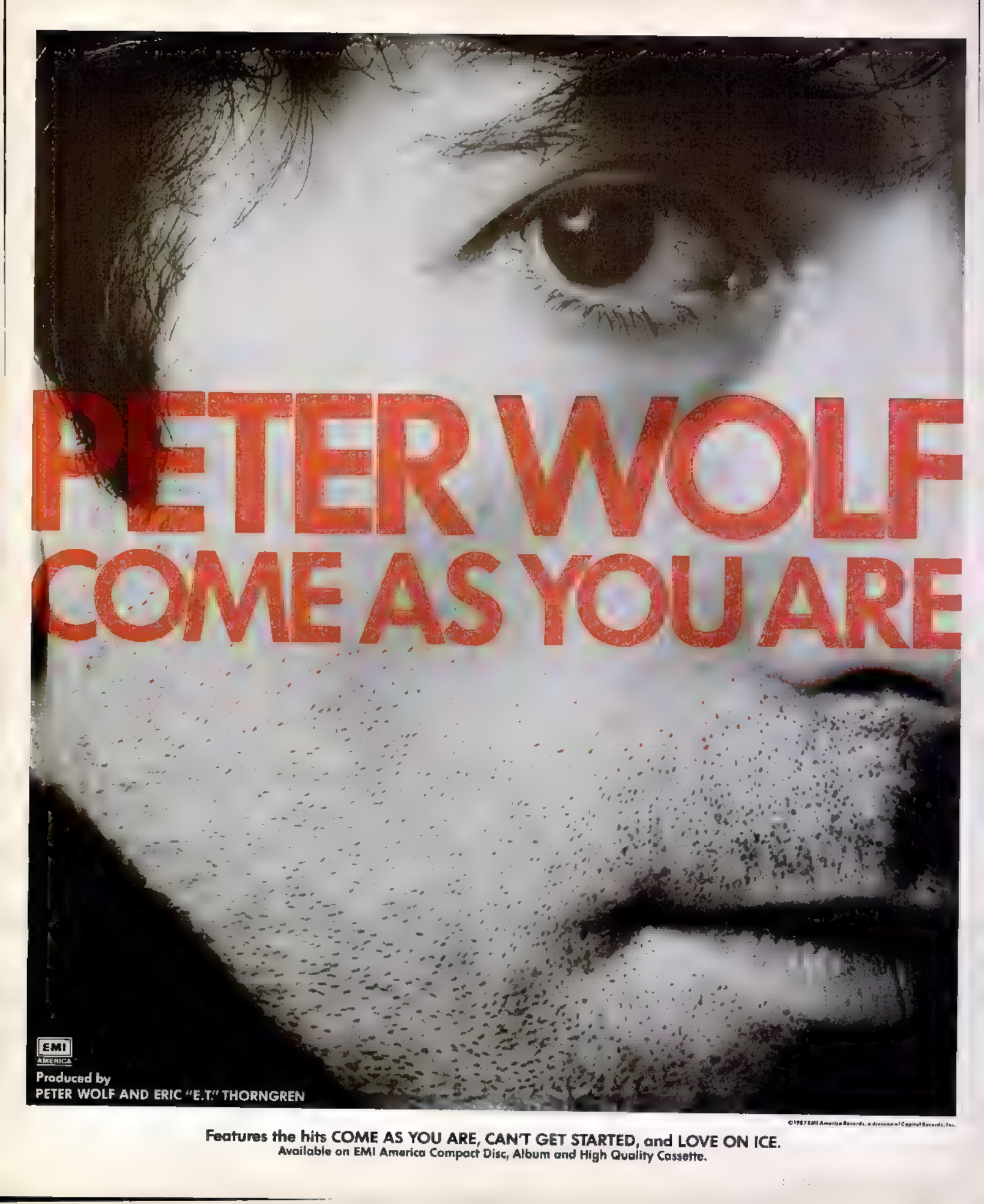


**BLOW YOUR COOL...ON ELEKTRA MUSIC CASSETTES, RECORDS AND COMPACT DISCS.**

© 1987 Elektra/Asylum Records, a Division of Warner Communications Inc. ®







# PETER WOLF

## COME AS YOU ARE



Produced by  
PETER WOLF AND ERIC "E.T." THORNGREN

Features the hits **COME AS YOU ARE**, **CAN'T GET STARTED**, and **LOVE ON ICE**.  
Available on EMI America Compact Disc, Album and High Quality Cassette.

©1987 EMI America Records, a division of Capital Records, Inc.

# JOHNNY CASH



end of John Henry's Hammer" and "Orange Blossom Special," a song I'd hoped to never hear again, to new and startling life. And it's there in "Ring of Fire," with its mariachi horns and low vocal dips, a song so spooky and impassioned and tormented I had to turn it off when I was a child and it came on the radio. Johnny Cash, like Bob Dylan, never quite fit on the radio—his voice was just too big, too raw, too untamed—and hearing "Ring of Fire" coming out of my radio late at night was like being thrown face-to-face with the whole abyss of sex and love and death. Too much. It's still too much, but I can stand back and hear it and marvel at it now.

"Man in Black," Cash's explanation for his wardrobe, still seems an embarrassment, however well-intentioned. "I wear the black for the poor and the beaten down." Hell, he wears black because he looks good in it, same as Lou Reed and half the East Village. Let's leave it at that. But that's the only disaster on the record. Even "A Boy Named Sue" stands up pretty well, sounding stranger and funnier than it did in 1969 (and somewhere, someday, someone is going to re-release Martin Mull's perfect answer record, "A Girl Named Johnny Cash").

"One Piece at a Time" is a brilliant and genuinely weird little song about stealing a car out of the factory, bolt by bolt and screw by screw, and Nick Lowe's "Without Love" gets a strong and sympathetic reading, but Springsteen's "Highway Patrolman" is the revelation. Cash takes the story of two brothers on opposite sides of the law and inhabits it absolutely, giving it a depth and authority that Springsteen's version only hinted at. His voice is rich with everything that's unspoken in the song: the choices that are simply made in your blood. "Man turns his back on his family, he ain't no friend of mine."

It's a chilling moment, and there are quite a few chilling moments on this collection. Johnny Cash may be a modest man, but he gives good weight. It's rare to find this much history in one person.

—Brian Cullman

Jim "Foetus" Thirlwell: your mother wouldn't like him.



Devin Ranieri



## Wiseblood Dirt Dish Relativity

Jim "Foetus" Thirlwell probably doesn't live in a fiery pit, but it's a safe bet he doesn't live with your mom either. You see, not one of Jim's projects has ever

made the slightest effort to raise its mind outta the gutter, and that's always been a philosophical stance that mothers-as-a-group abhorred. Jim's collaborator in Wiseblood is the moon-faced multi-instrumentalist Roli Mosimann. Perhaps best known for his drum-crushing work with the Swans, Roli has never been known for Stipe-style moaning about the beauty of life's rich pageant either.

*Dirt Dish* is the second squirt of foul spunk you've bloated up from Wiseblood's creative engine, and it easily bests last year's "Motorslug/Death Rape 2000." Unlike that singularly pulsing 12-inch, this LP allows Foetus the space to fully unfurl the thick, viscous word-chains he uses for lyrics. And while *Dirt Dish* is nowhere as wordy as solo-Foetus, there are a lotta syllables jammed in here. Actually, the intestine-rattling chorus of "O-O (Where Evil Dwells)"—a cunning little number about heavy metal death on Long Island—could be grafted onto a Foetus

record, but it's not, and it's here and you oughta appreciate it.

Other snazzy features include some efficiently hot guitar work by guest players. Big Bob Quine lends his string fingers to two tracks here, including the exquisite and vile abortion anthem "Someone Drowned In My Pool," and Norm Westberg plays on one. I also seem to hear uncredited infiband guitar (though it's hard to tell in these days of digital sampling), and other new extraneous elements like Roli's trumpet playing add some grabby sonic differentiation.

Wiseblood's basic stock-in-trade is still giganto-beat, synth-grunt/percussio-grunt smut, however. Listen to 'em force their way through "The Fudge Punch" (an anal-intruder's rewrite of Bo Diddley's "Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut") and imagine the look of surprise on your ma's face when you play it at her next birthday bash.

—Byron Coley



**The Blow Monkeys**  
*She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter*  
 RCA

Like most post-Boy George British pop stars, Dr. Robert of the Blow Monkeys wears his soul on his sleeve. Of course he wants to write the perfect pop song, of course he lives for black American rhythms, of course both sexes want to get him in the sack. That's as it should be. But how can one differentiate Dr. Robert from Paul King, Pete Burns, and the other hair-dos?

Well, unlike many of his predecessors and peers, the legacy of Jim Morrison and Ian Curtis means little to him. Instead, he's haunted by the ghost of Marc Bolan. He strums a mean acoustic while his Blow Monkey band and background floozies do the boogaloo. He favors real horns, percussion, strings, and wah-wah guitars, and his showy textures often recall the pre-synthesized sounds of Philadelphia in a deliberately chintzy way. And he's also the one who sings like a cross between Anthony Newley and Elmer Fudd. On top of his broad accent and wide vibrato, Dr. Robert's got a speech impediment, so crucial disco catchwords like "celebrate" come out "sell-lah-bwayte."

These aren't exactly credentials for '80s success, even if you're generically gorgeous. But last year's "Digging Your Scene" transformed Dr. Robert from a

klutzy cult novelty to a mainstream face in his homeland, and scored him an American hit in the process. Pretty weird for a song in which he seems to be celebrating the joys of a gay life, while worrying about its consequences—"Tell me why I'm digging your scene/I know I'll die, baby." On *She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter*, Jesus Christ asks Dr. Robert for a kiss on the lips, and the Doctor replies, "I'm sorry my dear, but if you chose to live by the book, don't you know it's a sin." Dr. Robert loves camp, so it's difficult to determine if he's bi or just British. But whatever his preference, he knows how to provoke playfully, and he does so here in the spirit of his idols, while hitting his stride as a songwriter.

From Marvin Gaye to go-go, several decades of R&B grooves are plundered and appropriated for this 1987 equivalent of *Young Americans*. There's a would-be quiet storm ballad in "Out With Her," a Kool and the Gang quote on "Man At the End of His Tether," a goofy Funkadelic approximation on "Don't Give It Up," and several other funk licks more serious Brit soul boys like Paul Weller wish they could write. Even if Dr. Robert's a rip-off, he's an endearing one, and his optimism is refreshing. I think he's pwetty good.

—Barry Walters

*Dr. Robert and his Blow Monkeys.*



Bredyn Bucher

GENUINE

BUDGET KING OF BEERS - ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. - ST. LOUIS

Bud  
 KING



## Divine Horsemen *Devil's River*

Mother's Worri  
SST

While dim bulbs and babes still a-swad-dling may not be familiar with the work of Chris D, it's a fairly safe bet that most practicing hepcats have been touched by it somewhere along the line. As a writer/editor (SLASH), record company head (Upsetter, Ruby), producer (Gun Club, Dream Syndicate . . .), and band-leader (Flesh Eaters), Chris had a major hand in shaping an aesthetic that defined the parameters of L.A.'s post-'70s "outlaw" culture. He is what's known as a mover, and his new band, Divine Horsemen, move like Satan's own go-cart.

The two recs Divine Horsemen use to introduce themselves offer explicit examples of postpunk rock fashioned with almost prepunk gestures. Eschewing the dull thud of metal, those moves that the Horsemen do cop are pulled from the entrails of hard-rock stiffs like the Who, the Stones, and the Jim Morrison Band. But these rustled riffs are not allowed to wallow in the mire of mere regurgitation. They are driven into frenzoid shimmies of pure rock-hunch that must be futurist 'cause they've sure never existed before.

A glaring example of this is "Come into this Place" on *Devil's River*. A vir-

tual textbook on thievery, it begins with a blatantly burgled Townshend guitar figure that moves into a lyrical passage lifted from Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*, which evolves into a song snatched from the Flesh Eaters. But while all this plagiarism would seem to indicate a monumental unoriginality, the Horsemen combine these elements in such a way that they beggar their sources. The guitars turn their loot into one of the year's great hooks, and Chris and covocalist Julie Christensen trade lines about a search for love that's as fundamentally misguided as anything in the work of James M. Cain. And if you think this cross-form comparison is stretching it—eat flies. Chris's lyrics are as functionally literate as any I've seen, and they're matched by the Horseman's powerfully fluent knowledge of rock 'n' roll as it will be.

Other particular faves from these disks include "Mother's Worri"—a big, Stonesy riff workout whose words deal with the existential dilemma of living your life as a creation of Ed "Big Daddy" Roth—and "Middle of the Night," a blindingly beautiful love ballad that is Chris and Julie's best duet. I could go on. These two recs hold 16 songs between 'em, 10 of which are better than anything most bands will record in their lifetimes.

Dig now or forever hold your pieces.

—Byron Coley

## James Blood Ulmer *America—Do You Remember the Love?* Blue Note

*Live at the Caravan of Dreams*  
Caravan of Dreams Productions

A drummer friend of mine heard about four bars of "Show Me Your Love, America" from guitarist James Blood Ulmer's *America—Do You Remember the Love?*, looked at me and said, "Is he trying to be James Ingram or something?" Damn, I had to jump back, 'cause that could well be the biggest compliment ever paid to Blood, often criticized for his less than admirable articulation. On *America*, Ulmer seems to have made a conscious effort to bring his vocals front-and-center. Unfortunately, it's often at the expense of the music, which periodically falls into the half-drone, half-rock shuffle readymades of bassist/producer Bill Laswell and drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson, who sounds like a heavyweight champ taking a fall. There's nothing profound in Ulmer's lyrics, just the normal stuff about lost love, found blues, and a better world, so a quality production doesn't dredge up the poet in him, it merely softens the rough edges.

I'd always placed Blood's vocal skills in a category reserved for the likes of Charlie Patton, Son House, Bukka White, and the most possessed of Pen-

tecostal pulpit declaimers.

He also broke down former bossman Ornette Coleman's harmolodics (a musical style in which harmony, melody, and rhythm are equal partners in knotty call-and-response phrases) to the basics of a country hoedown topped with shrieking, clipped guitar. In addition, vigorous drumming, ratchetlike bass lines, and howling slaccato horns added rock and free-hop to Ulmer's solid blues base in music that found clarity in density.

Another Ulmer release, *Live at the Caravan of Dreams*, provides a better glimpse of his roiling, open-ended jigs and reels, where martial drum cadences, an almost lewd wah-wah violin, and murmurous reggae-tinged bass vamps are staggered against Ulmer's jagged, backwards-sounding guitar lines. Sure, his singing won't win any awards, but the spontaneity and jackhammer force of Ulmer's grinding vibrato, and the interplay between instruments generate an energy lacking on *America*. So even if Blood's return to a major label is constrained and inauspicious, it's not a case of creative drought. It's more like being all dressed up with no place to go. Perhaps that explains "I Belong in the U.S.A.," a little ditty that humorously crosses Bruce Springsteen with an automobile commercial.

—Don Palmer







Aston Papadimitriou/Onyx

## U2 *The Joshua Tree* Island

At best, U2 is a band that lives up to its pretensions. Committed, naive, and original, they've matured by learning in the studio to modify and moderate their heavy-handed technique with variety and subtlety. *The Joshua Tree* is their first wholly successful album because it finally breaks free from the seductive but limiting chant-and-drone approach of earlier material.

The band's anthemic powers peaked

with the AOR hits from 1983's *War* and with the concerts that became the mini-LP *Under A Blood Red Sky*. That success generated more ambitious aims for *The Unforgettable Fire*, where the droning machinations of power-trio instrumentation were ornamented by new producers Brian Eno and Dan Lanois. Their treatments, and The Edge's own evolving palette of effects, expanded the nuances of the group's studio sound. The classic U2 formula consists of crack drum patterns, fundamental bass pulses, and chiming, looping guitar figures. The anchors of the songs are uncomplicated

major/minor arrangements, but they're fractured into layered patterns that dance with the crisp motion of traditional Celtic folk music.

There's nothing as powerful as "Sunday Bloody Sunday" or "Pride (in the Name of Love)" on this LP. But there's nothing as facile as "Surrender" or plainly awful as "Elvis Presley and America," either. There isn't a bad song on the record, and songs are what *Joshua Tree* is made of—with less ambient distraction this time from producers Lanois and Eno. Incorporating a range of unlikely '70s influences (from the Vel-

*"They think they're somebody":* (L-R) Adam Clayton, The Edge, Bono, Larry Mullen.

vet Underground to Bonnie Raitt), the tracks are built on chord changes, and every one has a hook. Bono has always had a flair for romantic melody, but on *Joshua Tree* he builds on solid chord structures.

During the almost three years since *The Unforgettable Fire*, U2 have made good on their Christian ethos with Live Aid and Amnesty International benefit

performances. Bono's attempted blues on *Sun City*, "Silver and Gold," seems to have inspired a more rooted sense of form on *Joshua Tree*. In the lyrics, his characteristic optimism turns refreshingly uncertain. "You carried the cross and my shame/You know I believe but/ I still haven't found what I'm looking for." Also, the band's signature drones have become a stylistic emblem rather than a formal necessity. The precision march times of Larry Mullen's drumming have found a supple sense of permutation and complement The Edge's catalogue of guitar textures. Adam Clayton's limited bass guitar skills have now become an essential virtue. On one of the best cuts, "Bullet the Blue Sky," Mullen plays John Bonham variants while The Edge rips off "Whole Lotta Love" slide guitar, and Bono commands the full whisper-to-shout range of blues mannerisms he has studied since "Silver and Gold." But it's Clayton's dirge-like bottom that gives the piece its unmistakable U2-ness. That is the essence of U2's most enduring pretension—their bold claim to identity. They think they're somebody.

—John Piccarella



#### Various artists Va-Va-Voom Rhino Records

Rhino Records! Ya gotta love 'em. They don't just sell music; they sell collectible records. By mixing lab graphics with great tunes, they've created the audio equivalent of coffee-table books. In doing this, they've also pioneered the most effective anticopying device in the business: great packaging. Making a tape of a Rhino record only gets you part of the product, and who wants the burger without the bun?

But there is a danger in concept packaging, particularly if the label puts more emphasis on the package than on the platter. Forgive them their sins, but Va-Va-Voom is one of Rhino's few such transgressions.

The double-LP set features 24 songs performed by nine "screen sirens," and if we were only reviewing packaging, this item would walk away with raves. The pink vinyl discs and booklet would make a wonderful gift for any female impersonator. Each of the featured stars gets a background bio, some great photos, and a terrific color collage. Well-coiffed and stacked to the max, these

luscious babes are reminders of a sexuality near extinction.

But the bottom line is music and, unfortunately, this collection falls short of the standard that Rhino has established. If the albums are supposed to be "va-va-voom," then a blindfolded listener should hear sex dripping from the speakers. Alas, the selection of material does not make the grade.

Only five of the artists toy with, ooze, or otherwise steam up the room with sex: Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Diana Dors, Mamie Van Doren, and Elke Sommer. The other four performers simply don't bring home the bacon.

Sophia Loren, as much as we love her, would have had a much easier time selling her stuff in her native language, rather than English. Jane Russell and Rhonda Fleming aren't in sync with the rest of the material, either in genre or style. Rhonda is a classically trained singing star much closer to '40s movie musicals than the '50s-'60s mood evoked by the rest of the Va-Va-Voom stable. Jane Russell demonstrates on disc, as on film, that breast size does not promise performance power. Her timing is beyond acceptable camp and her tone varies between harsh and shrill.

Ann-Margret might have fit onto the LPs if the selection of material was stronger. Her "Baby Won't You Please Come Home" is stock Vegas big band blues, and she oversings the inherently sexy "Let Me Entertain You" (ya gotta wonder why Rhino pulled a song from Cypsy when A-M wasn't even in the flick).

If Sophia, Jane, Rhonda, and Ann were removed, the remainder would compose one solid album's worth of Va-Va-Voom—all blond and all bombshell.

The queen of the crowd is undeniably Marilyn. While the others emulate, imitate, and otherwise recreate sex, Marilyn is it! That rarest of performers, she transcends her material without camp or gimmickry. Her timing is as distinctive on disc as it is on film. When "You'd Be Surprised" pops out of side one, you get an idea why Va-Va-Voom is the title of the project.

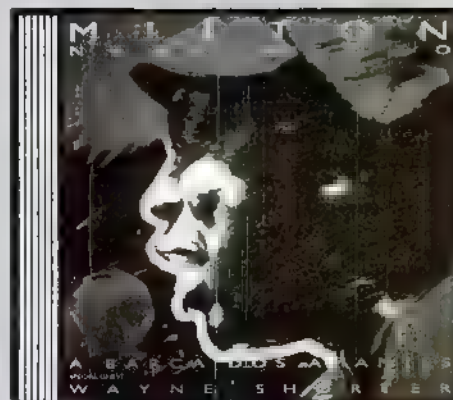
Unfortunately, there must have been some licensing problems, because the Marilyn selections are obscure and unrepresentative. The slurred "Lazy," over-arranged "Heat Wave," and country/folk "River of No Return" don't adequately represent MM's style. Where, for example, is "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," or even her birthday tribute to JFK?

In addition to performance and performer flaws (and speaking of blond bombshells, what happened to Kim Novak?), the archives-conscious Rhino has failed to include songwriting and source credits.

But you know what? Forget about the nit-picking. Even with a few blemishes, this pair of platters should satisfy and entertain both males and females and even make a swell belated-Valentine's Day gift. There are some great tunes, eight beautiful babes (nine, if you count Jane Russell), and some of the best packaging you'll find in any record store.

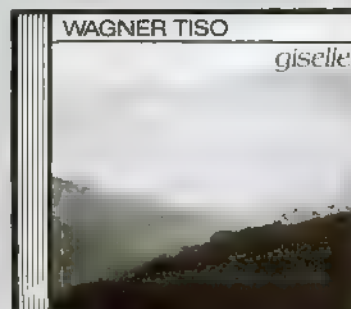
—Rich Stim

## 3 New Brazilian Gems from Milton Nascimento & his friends!



#### Milton Nascimento A Barca Dos Amantes (831 349-2) (Ship of Lovers)

A follow-up to last year's brilliant and widely acclaimed album, *Encontros E Despedidas* (827 638-2). Milton Nascimento is here reunited with **Wayne Shorter** in an extraordinary concert from Sao Paulo.



#### Wagner Tiso • Giselle (831 819-2) Brazil's #1 keyboardist and former Nascimento sideman ■ ■ ■ record that blends jazz improvisation with the rhythmic colors of Brazil.



#### Uakti (831 705-2) A unique acoustic instrumental group utilizing original percussion, stringed, and wind instruments playing a haunting and lyrical new music.

Available on Verve Compact Discs, High Quality  
XDR Cassettes and Audiophile LP's.



PolyGram  
**jazz**  
Brazilian Wave

© 1987 Polygram Records, Inc.





### Meat Puppets Mirage SST

Everybody always says Arizona's Meat Puppets sound like they're on drugs, but I wouldn't know about that kinda thing. To me, they just sound like guys who've somehow managed to retain the wide-awake naïveté we're all born with. They absorb the fog and dust and snow and tumbleweeds—the simple things that grown-up hands can't tarnish—then turn this scenery into winsome tunes that stand on their own, like nature. The band can make you notice virtue and strength in a rotten world, and if they achieve this only by ignoring the forest for the trees, so be it. Any trio that can connect crazed bluegrass-bebop-skronk

(like on 1982's *Meat Puppets EP*) to "All I Have to Do Is Dream" and "Tomorrow Never Knows" and "Earth Angel" (like in their live shows) is privy to beautiful truths of which cynics should take heed.

My favorite Meat Pup LP (they have three) is pretty much whichever one I'm listening to. Like *Meat Puppets II* ('84) and *Up On The Sun* ('85), the new *Mirage* is some sideways brand of cactus-country rock: acoustic shuffles propelled by Curt Kirkwood's prickly Crazy Horse rustic-rust guitar and Cris Kirkwood's jagged Beefheart-hyperfunk bass, with the siblings staking their breathtaking claim to post-Louvin Brothers mountain-harmony. *Mirage* strikes me as tougher than *Up On The Sun*, less disjointed than *MP's II*, and

catchier and more intricate than either.

The title track kicks off the album with relaxed guitar figures that swirl like rainbows in curved air; "Liquified" ends the disc with a riff-swaggering space-blues that I suppose is the Meat Puppets' idea of Led Zep (sort of "Out on the Tiles" as done by NRBQ if NRBQ were a cross between Bill Withers and Hawkwind). On the desolate vinyl plains between these extremes, the Kirkwoods stand around staring at things that aren't there, asking questions that have no answers. This music is private, hungry, reassuring, daring, and (despite aforementioned accusations otherwise) never dopey. The Meat Puppets are how Boston would sound if Tom Scholz wasn't such a dork.

—Chuck Eddy

### The Breakfast Club The Breakfast Club MCA

Where's the party without the party girl? At the Breakfast Club, a NYC band of past and present Madonnamusicians making Madonnamusics sans Ciccone. This is nothing new, as Alisha, Regina, Nocera, and other bimbettes with names that rhyme with Madonna have proved. But unlike those copycats, the Breakfast Club have played a crucial part in the Bleach Queen's roots by helping to originate the boytoy beat.

Here's how: Stephen Bray befriends Madonna during the late '70s. She settles in Manhattan and plays drums in Dan and Ed Gilroy's punky band the Breakfast Club. Then she practices her singing and guitar playing while leading a trio with Gary Burke on bass and Bray on drums. She splits to go solo and record *Madonna*. Her record company rejects Bray's composition ("Ain't No Big Deal," a recent B-side), but later welcomes his songwriting, musicianship, and production contributions to *Like A Virgin*, "Into the Groove," and *True Blue*. Meanwhile, Burke, Bray, and the Gilroys reform the Breakfast Club, but the record company folds. MCA steps in with big-time bucks for the recording of this hyped debut LP. MCA would like this to be a rave review.

To some degree, this is. Drop the needle down anywhere on *The Breakfast Club* and you'll get the kind of melody, lyric, rhythm, and arrangement that have become synonymous with Madonna. No problem there, 'cause Bray's one of the greatest hookmasters of the decade. In fact, there's nothing to *The Breakfast Club* besides hooks. Every single syncopation, every bubblegum phrase, every chord change, and every bass synth oompa-oompa-oomp is designed to scream "I'M CATCHY, GOD-DAMMIT!" until radio programmers cry uncle and put the entire LP into eternal heavy rotation. More than just a collection of nine contemporary hit radio and dancefloor-ready singles, *The Breakfast Club* sounds like a 38-minute Kellogg's commercial.

Which is not necessarily a bad thing. Problem is, singer Dan Gilroy sells these jingles short. While the assertive backing tracks are quintessential mid-'80s, Gilroy's unassuming sigh is sheer early '70s. Bray's propulsive pop consequently overwhelms Gilroy's meekly soulful Mr. Nice Guy crooning, and that ain't right. To make Madonnamusics happen, a vocalist must sound like he/she wants to get laid, just got laid, or is in the process of getting laid. Gilroy just sounds laid back.

If you're nostalgic for Baz Scaggs, then Gilroy's your man. If not, you may experience *The Breakfast Club* the way I do. The mixing board of my mind makes this good record a great one by erasing Gilroy and overdubbing Madonna back into the groove.

—Barry Walters

Curt Kirkwood of the Meat Puppets.



## **Anthrax** *Among the Living* Island

The reviewer has a problem with authority. So when the editor, an authority, tells her to write about cosmic significance, she goes into her room, puts on Anthrax's *Among the Living*, and turns it up real loud. "He'll never understand me," she thinks. The vicious opening chords of the title track draw a line at the room's threshold.

The album plays through to the end. Pulling out a notebook, she finally writes, "Side two, track four, 'Imitation of Life.' Here we see Anthrax at the fullest extension of their scorn, posing classical questions of art's purpose while mocking a human failure." She flips the tape over again for round two and turns it up still louder. "Anthrax," she writes, "five guys from New York who purvey wickedness in the form of kick-ass heavy speed metal."

*Among the Living* plays again. She lies on the floor and feels it shake to the bass drum rolling faster, faster, "Disease! Disease! Spreading the disease!"

A smell like dead rodent seeps up through the floor. Did a rat die here? "Caught in a Mosh" comes on. She sees the rat turning deeper shades of green. She realizes that it's only going to smell worse here. "I am the law! You don't fuck around with the law!" the record shouts. Nothing about fighting for your right to party here.

"The cosmic significance of Anthrax," she writes, "lies in its ideal suitability as ammunition in a stereo war." Just as she predicted, the smell gets worse. She yanks the tape and tears out to her truck. Cherry red, mag radials, roll bar, fog lamps, four-wheel drive. She turns the tape up as loud as it will go and starts the machine. Out on the boulevard she shifts up to the closing double-bass-pedal fury of "A Skeleton in the Closet."

Red light. The tape is over. But she hears the manic chromatic progression of "Indians" coming from . . . her left? right? She is surrounded by an army of trucks in formation. She pulls out into the crosswalk and gooses her engine. The others respond in unison. A long-haired hunk in aviator glasses smiles in her rearview mirror. He gives her the nod, shades bulging like insect eyes. His tape blares "One world, welcome to it!" Green light.

—Sue Cummings



## **THE EVOLUTION OF THE DISC.**



## **AND THE DISCWASHER.**

Early records were scratchy and extremely fragile. Now, with compact discs, you can program the cuts you want to hear (in the order you want to hear them), sit back, relax, and enjoy hours of uninterrupted pleasure. We've certainly come a long way.

Discwasher has come quite a distance, too. And though our first product (the famous D4+™ Record Cleaning System) is *still* the industry standard for cleaning LPs, our new Discwasher Compact Disc Cleaner has a style and design that's more than equal to the remarkable discs it protects.

For starters, our CD Cleaner uses a computer-aided design to deliver a true "radial" cleaning (that's what the manufacturers recommend). And Discwasher's CD-1™ Cleaning Fluid is scientifically formulated to lift and suspend contaminants as our non-abrasive cleaning pad easily and safely removes the debris from the disc surface. The result is no audio drop-outs or playback skips to mar your enjoyment.

Best of all, both Discwasher's CD and LP Cleaning Systems are serious equipment—at a reasonable price. Good "insurance" to protect your priceless CDs and albums. Just the latest step in an exciting audio evolution.



# **discwasher®**

4309 Transworld Road, Schiller Park, IL 60176  
A Division of International Jensen, Inc.

**The makers of the famous D4+™ Record Cleaning System.**





Lisa Houn

## Sly & Robbie Rhythm Killers Island

In the course of about 15 seconds, this Bill Laswell production modulates seamlessly through the Ohio Players' "Fire," disco-era string synthesizer, a whistled verse from the *Masterpiece Theatre* theme, Henry Threadgill flute and sax soloettes, a reggae "Boops" toast by Shinehead (set over the groove from Liquid Liquid's "Cavern," a very influential hip hop source record), a snatch of cartoon kiddie funk from Bootsy Collins, and halfway back again, all over the beat from Billy Squier's "Big Beat" (an even more influential hip hop source record). Then it proceeds to keep up this game of musical tag, adding metal and rap, for the rest of the side.

You follow? Well, it's a lot easier when the record's on. And for that, Laswell, Sly, Robbie, Bernie Worrell, Shinehead, Rammellzee, D.St., Daniel Ponce, Aiyb Dieng, and the rest of the folks involved deserve a lot of credit. Through its two side-long suites, each kicked off by a classic early-'70s R&B cover, *Rhythm Killers* is an ambitious and impressively successful dialogue on the crosscultural elasticity of the funk. Extended in both length and scope, this is the continuous

synthesis that Laswell promised on Herbie Hancock's "Rockit."

This Laswell guy, though, he's a funny case. Since "Rockit," everything he's done (Jaggar, Hancock, Yoko, Fela, PIL, Laurie Anderson, Motörhead, Golden Palominos, Deadline, as well as Sly & Robbie's last) has looked great on paper. Guy's got a knack for unexpected juxtapositions and no respect for artificial boundaries. But except for the Motörhead and maybe the Laurie Anderson records, his work all sounds like lab experiments. He gets everything onto the wax but personality.

*Rhythm Killers* makes his most convincing crosscultural argument yet. This is a record about contact points, less about the styles it serves up than about the unpredictable conflicts and agreements that arise at their intersection. By incessantly overlapping the fragments in the mix, Laswell sustains a constant state of juxtaposition. The music never defines itself statically; it's always just evolved out of something and on its way to evolving into something else. And it's defined by both of these perspectives.

Which is great. But at the end of the day, the shit just ain't funky. This may be reactionary criticism to lay on such an inventive record, but it's one that'll probably keep me from ever playing the thing again. You can argue that Laswell and Sly and Robbie wanted something more, that *Rhythm Killers* is more about funk than it is funk, but you can't argue that Bootsy did. "You have one desire,"

Sly Dunbar (left) and Robbie Shakespeare: the rhythm killers put out another contract.





## The Saints All Fools Day TVT

Do you remember the Stones circa *Beggar's Banquet*? The Saints do. Their first American release in 10 years, *All Fools Day*, is an appealing mix of Delta blues, Carnaby paisley, and Celtic soul, acoustic and electric guitars elbowing each other while leader Chris Bailey drawls away in a voice that sits squarely between Jackson, Mississippi, and Jagger Counties.

The Saints are an Australian band that has been around for more than 12 years—less than half the time the Brothers Gibb have performed together, but considerably longer than such Johnny-come-latelies as Midnight Oil and Men at Work. (Olivia Newton John has, of course, stayed together the longest, but then there are fewer of her.) Though the Saints have been recording since the '70s, the only other albums of theirs I've heard were clunky affairs, all pomp and pretension and overwrought production. But *All Fools Day* is a gem, as ambitious and earnest as U2, as sassy and strutting as the Stones when they were thinking about more than their tans. For a band this seasoned, they sound remarkably young, fresh, and committed, with a sense of urgency and purpose that's as welcome as it is rare.

Hugh Jones's production is light and sparkling, though filled with odd touches and '60s flourishes: Dixie-ish

brass and clarinets pop up in the midst of bluesy songs; a sudden sweep of (un-synthesized) strings disappear as suddenly as they entered, never to be heard from again; a lone French horn, heraldic and sad, mourns along with a down-home guitar. It's an odd jumble of sounds, but the songs themselves are never overwhelmed, and after a while the oddness of it becomes perfectly natural.

"Just Like Fire Would," for all its debts to the Stones, is such a strong and exuberant tune that it simply overwhelms its sources. "See You In Paradise" is a fine acoustic ballad, the sort that (once again) the Stones perfected with "No Expectations," quiet and yearning without ever losing its edge. And "Hymn To Saint Jude" (the patron saint of lost causes) is the album's centerpiece, a wild ride toward freedom and release. "I'm getting ready to cross that ocean," Chris Bailey wails, "and I'm not coming back again," turning "I'm not coming back again" into a frenzied mantra, repeating it beyond all reasonable repetitions, until, by the end, you know he's hurled himself so far outside of himself that he's obliterated the *there* that he's not coming back to—transcended it in true mystic/heroic style.

It's a sad fact that an album as good as this has been kicking around as an import for over a year, and that the only label bold enough to release it is TeeVee Toons. Oh well.

—Brian Cullman

## SPIN-OFFS

**STEVE EARLE *Early Tracks* (Epic)** Back when he cut these cool-rockin', two-beat tunes, Steve Earle was, in the best C&W tradition, pure T-R-A-S-H. Johnny Cash used to sound a little guilty when he bragged about how he shot a man in Reno just to watch him die. Steve Earle sounds like he'd feel guilty about getting caught.

**SLEEPY LABEAF *Nothin' But The Truth* (Rounder)** Think of Sleepy LaBeef as the big bullfrog-voiced Elvis who never made it, never figured out that rockabilly doesn't pay, never found a way out of the wilderness. Then think harder.

**THE SMITHS *Louder Than Bombs* (Sire)** This well-sequenced double album collection of new recordings and single sides previously unavailable on a U.S. LP is the ultimate Smiths statement, as it compiles most of their peak moments. For the uninitiated, 24 reasons to go on living. For the fans, a reminder of why you have.

**WHITESNAKE *Whitesnake* (Geffen)** The only band to have a name that's both sexist and racist, Whitesnake are unique in at least this one sense. This LP, a good follow-up to *Slide It In*, features a few rockers, a couple of mellow ones, and plenty that's in between.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUND IN SIGHT.

The sheer beauty of a Pioneer MAXXIAL speaker. Hard to believe impossible to

Aluminum ribbon voice-coils. Magnetic. Pure mid-tweeters. Just a few of the many

**PIONEER**





# UNDERGROUND

From the backwaters of Australia to the dusty highways of America, a new generation of bands stakes its claim to truth, liberty, and the corruption of youth.

Column by  
Judge I-Rankin'



Steve Delaney

In a prior incarnation, **P.E.S.** was known as **Cartoon**, the finest avant-everything band in the U.S. After losing two members, the remaining trio is back with *Illustrative Problems*, which locks together an idiosyncratic brand of classical structures, surreal jazz linguistics, experimental improv, and a severe case of cyclotronic damage. Rocked-up classical idioms play duck and cover with verbiage about "the age of reliability" on "All Bach'd Up." Skittery sax and drum codes secretly warn the unsuspecting to watch out for "My Niece From Pittsburgh in 1992." A political swipe is taken at Reagan and the national debt in "23rd Hour": bassoon, tympani, and synthesizer point dissociative fingers at the president and laugh hysterically for the tune's duration. Melodies and tonalities from the 12-tone school form the backbone of P.E.S.'s excursions; the results are both electrifying and introspective. Highly recommended. Contact P.E.S. at 1465 Oak St. #1, San Francisco, CA 94117.

Unleashing a two-disc travelogue of music from down under, *High Temperature* serves up the cream of the Aussie underground from 1982-85. Forget about **Mental As Anything**, **Men Out Of Work**, and **Air Supply**, these platters have everything for everybody—punk jazz, psychedelic pop, garage-grunge, and Afro-Aboriginal tribal swing. **The Celibate Rifles** (the most recognizable of the 20 bands included) flex their post-punk biceps, **The Triffids** walk through electro-folkie meadows on "Beautiful Waste," **Mushroom Planet** exorcise the gremlin of Ramones-infected slam on "No More," and sly jazz-blues finds a home with **The Benders** on "The Island." For ethnic flavor, **Gaspar Lawal** is afforded the luxury of

**L**ike a steel-toed boot to the ass, **Dick Destiny & The Highway Kings** kick-start *Arrogance* in a balls-up style that'll knock your socks off. Hailing from the buckle of the coal belt in Allentown, Pennsylvania, Dick and his pals romp through filched Texas roadhouse barnalama with a fiery biker-metal glee. Grimy air-rapid guitar rips apart the title track, while "Blues Have Got Me by the Throat" corrupts delta blues into a tale of a dizzy blonde's spiraling coke habit. On "Highway Kings," Mr. Destiny lays down his party line with the edict, "We wanna ride our machines without being hassled by the man/We wanna be free to beat people up if they try to take away our chicks and drugs from us." **Beastie Boys** look out! Guitar riffs slash and

bleed all over the rotary bass and gear-jamming drums of "You're No Good" in complete defiance of melodic speed limits, while Bowie's "The Jean Genie" is hijacked into a prurient tractor-pull of carnal indulgence. Given half a chance, Dick and The Kings might indeed have a rendezvous with destiny. Party album of the month. Dick Destiny can be found shining his tailpipes at P.O. Box 9260, Allentown, PA 18101.

Outside it's a slow, hot summer afternoon; nothing moves save layers of blowtorched heat shimmering up from the ground. From out of this blast furnace the **Cowboy Junkies** emerge, slouching low in the saddle and looking to slake their thirst with some leisurely blues filtered through a dusty sunset. *Whites Off Earth Now!*

suggests that it's still possible to slide through an album's worth of laid-back blues 'n' soul poems without sounding hackneyed. **Cowboy Junkies** devote three tracks to John Lee Hooker covers—"Forgive Me," "I'll Never Get Out of These Blues Alive," and "Decoration Day"—which are pleasingly devoid of idol worship. Silky vocals caress the Ry Cooder-ish guitar-picking during "Take Me," a plaintive lullaby of unfulfilled desires. The spacy ballads "Shining Moon" and "State Trooper" melt like late afternoon landscapes on the open highway. For the **Cowboy Junkies**, it's a melancholy ride in search of the elusive blues gestalt. Learn how they go about it by contacting Latent Recordings, 407 The Kingsway, Islington, Ontario, Canada M9A 3W1.



stretching out for a full seven minutes to cook up a mesmerizing stew of contrapuntal beats, echoplexed vocals, galloping sax, and African high-life



Monika Dan

melodies. Worth the price of admission alone. Contact Hot Records, 314-316 Victoria St., Darlinghurst, Sydney, 2010 Australia.

**Gut Bank** are seeking to reignite the glowing embers of the Bush Tetras' Soho punk-funk. Over rhythms aimed directly at the solar plexus, *The Dark Ages* slices and dices its way toward a kind of psychedelic awareness littered with shark teeth disguised as songs. Big guitars position themselves in the tunes like aural punji sticks that perforate the worrisome beat. And there is no skimping in the melody, either. The elastic dynamics of "Guilty As Sin" stretch the vocals to sustained clarity, nuance, and power. "Behind Bars" initially creeps along in a deliberate, metronomic coolness, then swells to a bash-and-run coda. As

unforgiving as the album title sounds, it sheds copious amounts of punkadelic light on *The Dark Ages*. Write to Gut Bank at P.O. Box 1815, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

The **700 Club** wants to *Smash The State Of The Art* with a dada-driven semi-truck hauling a heavy load of anarchistic jazz-punk-funk. The chilling vocals of "1986" are punctuated by dank synth detonations rumbling under corrosive lyrics like "Sensitive youths stroke each others navels with stilettos/Let us not puke our pizza on the sands of time." A swanky sax vamp escalates the absurdist chorus at the end of "Après Moi, Le Deluge," a pitch-black vision of political selfishness. The companion 12-inch 45 remixes "Politalk" and "Dare To Be Boring," the former a swift-kicking

motor-booty affair, the latter an off-center roundelay that swaggers with all the grace of a smacked-out water buffalo. The 700 Club holds services at Slithering Disc Records, 484 Lake Park Ave., Suite 142, Oakland, CA 94610.

The **Sex Clark Five** have a motto that boils down to three essential ingredients: keep 'em short, keep 'em fun, and keep 'em under three chords. *Strum & Drum!* packs 20 tunes that discharge themselves as hopped-up Merseybeat confections bent on creating a never-never land of postadolescent whimsy. With hooks

Far Left: James Freeman of the 700 Club reflects on a "softball injury." Left: Alice Genese and Karyn Kuhn of Gut Bank, perforating some beats like so many punji sticks. Below: P.F.S.: Gary Parra, Scott Brazial, and Herb Diamant.



Patricia F. Smith

apiently, SC5 board the merry-go-round of electric folksiness on "51-L," a requiem of sorts for the space shuttle debacle. The band then takes a quick side trip to somewhere in India for a summit meeting with "Kid Raja." Electrified acoustic guitars lay down a mobile base for the band's melodic reprise of "She Collides With Me." Ever vigilant for a new angle on Beatles psychedelia, SC5 stick "Valerie" on a *White Album* bunsen burner then segue into feedback and untuned drum dementia for the finale, "Get Back Yoko." Incredible. Sex Clark Five can be found at Records To Russia, 1207 Big Cove Road, Huntsville, AL 35801.

*Shadowmouth: Compilation One* is a project of New Jersey area underground bands and poets. Side

one is given over mostly to live poetry performances, side two is music. **Mr. Forklift** dry-humps some heavily flanged guitar on three live tracks while **Jack Monahan** regales with neo-beatnik rap/ranting accompanied by frantic bongo fury. Somewhere in between all this, the **X-Men** interrupt to stomp the bejezus out of the dirge-metal anthem "Parasite." This LP ain't quite Springsteen, yet it is an eccentric look into the shore scene that even The Boss might not know about. For a paltry six dollars you're getting 60-plus minutes at a bargain rate. Write to Kevin La Mastra, P.O. Box 979, Asbury Park, NJ 07712

In a band? Underground or somewhere nearby? Send your vinyl to me at 1338 E. Devonshire, Phoenix, AZ 85014.





Lisa Houn

XTC's Andy Partridge, waiting for your copy of *Pet Sounds*.

# SINGLES

Column by John Leland

## Hoodoo Gurus: "Good Times" (Elektra)

Thing about these Aussies is that they weren't ready for the small time. Their revisionist, classicist pop denied historical context too vehemently for it to sound like anything but condescension against the capital-s Struggle of the underground. They sound better as a fait accompli, bouyant presold product, preferably coming out of the car radio. Shit, "Good Times" could be the Turtles with loud guitars.

## King Sun-D Moët: "Hey Love" b/w "Mythological Rapper" (Zakia)

With a minimum of sexual energy and appeal, but a maximum of umlauts, King Sun-D Moët spends four minutes asking his squeeze to drop her main man, pointing out that King would put her number on his speed-dialing phone and that when the two went dancing in their Fila suits, "everybody else was just rid-

ing the strap." He's a pathetically earnest character, and it's pretty hard to believe he has the juice to beat anybody else's time. Which makes it all the more surprising when he drops the bomb: "You think that I'm wrong because your man is my brother." Never thought he had it in him. Real great, real weird cocktail rap record.

## Lola: "Wax the Van" (Jump Street)

This is an Arthur Russell song, and if you know about "Go Bang!" and "Is It All Over My Face," you know what that means. If you don't, you're in for a treat. Like Gwen Guthrie's "Ain't Nothin' Goin' on but the Rent" and Dhar Braxton's "Jump Back (Set Me Free)," Lola's "Wax the Van" brings the often daunting rigor of cult disco onto the same floor with pop songcraft. The result is a stone brilliant, effortless dance single, a mile-wide pocket for your backbone to slip into. You got congas and bass and way off-key singing here, but really you got a gently undulating bit of heaven. By my ears, it's the best disco record since the Braxton and Guthrie songs above, and the best single of the month. Get it or regret it.

## Throwing Muses: "Chains Changed" EP (4AD import)

People I respect like this smart Boston dirge ensemble, but the four marginally appealing slices of dense noise here don't convince me that Throwing Muses

bring any wisdom to their undergraduate subject matter or innovation to their anglophilic postpunk. And at a time when Siouxsie and the Banshees actually have a good record out, I don't really see the point. Anyone who does is welcome to write in and disabuse me.

## Scorpio: "(Go Michael) Air Jordan" (Criminal) Hurt 'em Bad with Akeem "The Dream" Olajuwon: "The Unbeatable Dream" (Macola)

Keys to the first are that Michael Jordan can really jam that thang, that Arthur Baker's name on a record is no longer necessarily a good thing, and that some of the old school rappers can't get a hit even with a head start. Keys to the second are that Akeem can rap for three or four words at a time, and that he wears Etionic sneaks. Addresses for his merchandise company and for Etionic provided. These are pretty bad records, but I feel better knowing they're there.

## Age of Chance: "Kiss" (Virgin America)

England is in bad straits when a band like Age of Chance becomes a major national act. Could be 'cause they're listening to too much House music, but the Brits seem to be filtering American dance music through a sectarian sensibility that's awfully hard on the generally antisectarian grooves. When Age of Chance translate Prince's sense of humor into their own selfconscious voice, it comes off campy but not funny, like a second-string Village People. Which is to say English disco isn't very democratic. And Age of Chance bludgeons "Kiss" without adding any compelling information. Unless Prince's version goes out of print, you can probably live without this energetic but redundant remake.

## Level 42: "Lessons in Love" (PolyGram)

Real pros, with all the good and bad points that designation entails, and very little else. If you can't wait for the upcoming Squeeze record, this functional and infinitely disposable piece of Brit pop soul may satisfy your sweet tooth for 7-inch ephemera. It won't make you whistle, but it won't leave a bad taste in your mouth, either. They say the 7-inch single is all but dead, and you can hear its weaknesses in this insufficiently compelling slice. Can't dump all the blame on Level 42, but I sure wish this hook had the barb of "C'est la Vie." If not "Black Coffee in Bed."

## Classical Two: "New Generation" b/w "(She's a) Freak Dog" (Rooftop)

There's no history like rap history. The Classical Two build their shit on a sample from James Brown's "Get on Up" and use it to claim they are the future. The bass-heavy "Freak Dog" takes a big bite of the toilette ritual from Doug E.

Fresh and Slick Rick's "La-Di-Da-Di," but gets our hero laid (and well) in the end. Which isn't to say he hangs when the skirt starts singing the Dixie Cups' "Chapel of Love."

## Cyndi Lauper: "What's Going On" (Portrait)

Don't you wish she hadn't?

## Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam: "Head to Toe" (Columbia) Cover Girls: "Show Me" (Fever)

Lisa Lisa's "I Wonder If I Take You Home," written and produced by a group of older men, remains the great teen girl love plaint of our time, the romantic standard against which all the subsequent Miami-influenced juvenile grooves have to be measured. "Head to Toe" finds her growing up and into a selfconscious, rap-informed Supremes mold, oooohing her way through a tune you might take to your grave. This may not keep up with "Lean on Me," but it's fresher than most any other pop crossover thing out there. The Cover Girls' "Show Me" picks up on Lisa's old adolescent jones and asks the men in the house for promises before the lights go out. Clock it at a step behind "Take Me Home" because the Girls don't even pretend their boys' answers make any difference. Which means their request becomes just a dance-motivating formality.

## XTC: "Dear God" & "Extrovert" b/w "Eorn Enough for Us" & "Grass" (Geffen)

It's been a while since XTC invented the modern British pop band (or one season's version of same), and though their rethinking of the pop song no longer carries the political import it once did, they can still put a hook through some changes. Four good 'uns here, one of 'em non-LP all wing-dang-doggled from a postawakening Beatles perspective. "Dear God" is a surprisingly passionate profession of atheism, "Grass" is about pot, and the others talk bullshit. Put it somewhere between the rad traditionalism of Robyn Hitchcock and the winking traditionalism of Squeeze (two other seasons' inventors of the modern British pop band). And if you've got a heart, you'll mail 'em your copy of *Pet Sounds*.

## The Neats: "Angel" b/w "Big Loud Sound" & "Blackmail" (Coyote)

Boston's terminally lethargic art bar band transforms itself into a lethargic kick-ass rock 'n' roll bar band, sacrificing everything it ever had going for it. But dang me if that isn't okay. This is good, murky, rootsless roots rock, with guitars and an occasional harmonica and a frightening evocation of the Del Fuegos. The only Neats record that's worth selling your sister to buy remains "Six," but this likeable betrayal won't hurt your ears none.

"Light my Lucky."



Lights: 8 mg. tar, 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
100's: 9 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



# DISCOVER A BER



## THE 1988 BERETTA

It has evolved. Not just a new car, but a new species. An unusually roomy sport coupe with a natural instinct for the road.

## A DISTINCTIVE NEW SHAPE

From nose to tail, the stylish contours of Beretta make a unique impression. Angular hood. Flush pillar-mounted door handles. Lots of glass. Aggressive stance. And a bold tail lamp. See it on the road and you won't soon forget. Drive it, and you never will.

## QUICK 2.8 LITER MULTI-PORT FUEL-INJECTED V6

With the optional 2.8 liter V6, Beretta can move from 0 to 60 in less than 10 seconds.\* This refined Multi-Port Fuel Injection engine features a computer-controlled coil ignition for accurate spark performance and an electronic control module with brand-new microprocessor technology that can handle 600,000 commands per second. Beretta's sport suspension

and a smooth-shifting, high-torque 5-speed transaxle turn that raw power into inspired performance.



# Michael Jackson represents a black cultural heritage that white rock critics either don't know about or would rather appreciate nostalgically, from someone who's dead.

who gather around it ever see are the darkened windows of stretch limousines as they burst from behind the gate.

Inside the estate, Michael fashioned his own fantasy world, inspired by the imagination of Walt Disney. "I went to see him about some music," said one songwriter, "and while I was sitting in the living room waiting for him, I had this sensation that he was in the room somewhere, watching me. Then he came in, we talked, and he just disappeared. I looked out in the yard and he was darting in and out among these bushes and trees, chasing these little animals. He was like one of them."

It's possible that his retreat into a childlike world saved his life. "You have to understand that he has been mobbed," says McCrae. "He's been pulled at, had his jacket ripped off his back, had people trying to get a lock of his hair. Do you know how frightening it is to have someone coming at you, grabbing at your throat?"

"He's not really happy," says Dennis Hunt, music critic for the *Los Angeles Times*, who's known Michael for many years. "He's been affected by the pressures of not having any privacy. And people who know him well say it's finally gotten to him, and he's staying away from people. He's not dealing with the pressures the way he used to. There's no way that he will turn outward and live in the real world again. People thought that at some point he might outgrow it and open up, but now that's impossible. Because of the level of stardom that he has achieved, he is alone most of the time, except for dealing with members of his family, a few friends, and his menagerie of animals."

But if Michael's exile appeared to be a retreat from the world, it was nevertheless a handy cover for his next moves. Last March he launched a long, complex campaign to buy the 4,000-song ATV Music publishing catalog, which contained all of the Beatles' songs. With a team of lawyers, he executed a brilliant end-run around his friend and associate Paul McCartney, who was also bidding on the catalog, and paid \$47.5 million to close the deal. It was a coup, but it strained his relationship with McCartney.

His relationship with Diana Ross had long been on the wane, suggesting he had finally broken free of the strong influence she had held over him since the early Motown days, when she moved him away from his family and into her home. "She was Motown's superstar and she was at the level that Michael strove to attain," says McCrae. "Diana was certainly his first-line impression of celebrity. He liked the way she carried herself, her style, and tried to emulate her. I think that Michael's changed his opinion about all of that, about Diana, since he has been hanging around with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Sophia Loren, Liza Minnelli, and Katharine Hepburn." Last summer, when Ross married a Norwegian financier, Michael declined to attend the wedding.

**H**oled up in the house in Encino, estranged from much of his family, Michael again began to focus on the sequel to *Thriller*, but he found himself plagued with self-doubt. It was the time of Prince's purple reign, and a new erotic symbol had captured the popular imagination, one as mysterious but far more visible than Michael.

Early in 1986, Quincy Jones arranged a meeting in Los Angeles between Michael and Prince. According to one observer, it was a strange summit. "They're so competitive with each other that neither would give anything up. They kind of sat there, checking each other out, but said very little. It was a fascinating stalemate between two very powerful dudes."

After the meeting, Michael got serious about the album. By late spring, he was feverishly writing songs. Quincy Jones was also gearing up for the record, scoring arrangements, hiring musicians, and mapping out ideas. In March of 1986, he went to New York to scout black rappers. "He and Miles Davis are the only musicians of their generation who in any way have connections to the younger generations," says writer and Michael Jackson biographer Nelson George. A lot of Jones's time was also spent with Michael in a kind of therapy, trying to lift from his shoulders the strain of having to reproduce the innovative spark of *Thriller*. It was a problem, Jones would soon discover, that could not be solved.

"Michael Jackson is not an experimenter," George continues. "He generates some songs, but he's not a creative artist like Prince. He's more Cab Calloway than he is Duke Ellington. He's also very comfortable with *The Sound of Music* and that whole Broadway-Hollywood white thing. I mean, he's kind of Bing Crosby updated. Except for a few songs, like 'Billie Jean,' 'You Wanna Be Startin' Something?' and 'You Push Me Away,' his songwriting is not rich."

It is Quincy Jones's job to make it rich. Many think Michael couldn't have succeeded as he has without Jones's touch. In June, the strain of working on the record immediately after producing the film, *The Color Purple*, got to Quincy. He was exhausted; his doctors ordered him to stop work. He took off to Tahiti, leaving the album in a state of limbo.

By the time he returned in July, there were new problems. Michael suddenly broke off work on the record to star in *Captain "EO,"* a \$20 million sci-fi adventure film that Francis Coppola was directing for Disneyland.

In New York, CBS Records president Walter Yetnikoff was furious. The label's profits had fallen off since *Thriller*, and it was counting on the record to come out in January 1987. When he discovered that Michael had written songs for the film, Yetnikoff reportedly threatened to sue him. They eventually reached a compromise: no songs from *Captain "EO"* would be released, and Michael would soon resume work on his album.

Michael returned to the studio in the fall. By late October, Jackson and Jones had finished several songs, including "Bad," which was not the album's title track. Martin Scorsese agreed to direct the video and hired novelist Richard Price to write a 10-minute screenplay about a private school kid who gets killed

in a Harlem stickup. In November, Michael and his staff flew to New York for the shoot.

From the start, there were problems on the set. Tempers flared on both sides when Michael started to tell Scorsese how to direct the video. Peace was finally restored, but the production flew out of financial control, with costs rising to more than \$1.5 million.

January came and went without a finished album. Even optimists gave up hope that there would be a Michael Jackson record before summer.

In March, Michael dropped the project again and, unbeknownst to CBS, began to work on a new movie, one that was shrouded in extraordinary secrecy. Visitors to the set were required to agree in writing not to reveal anything they saw; staff were subjected to similarly tight regulations to prevent news of the film from leaking. At Westlake, Jones carried on without him.

But all of these delays were beginning to hurt Michael. His boldly conceived merchandising enterprises were already in motion; without a record to reassert his myth, they made no sense. His "Magic Beat" perfume failed miserably last fall. Michael Jackson clothing and doll lines, financed to the tune of \$20 million, also fizzled. Pepsi, which had planned to blitz the 1987 Grammy Awards with Michael Jackson commercials, as it had done in previous years, canceled its campaign. As part of its \$10 million deal with Jackson, the company already owns one of the singles from the still-unfinished album.

**I**t's March 1987, and it's getting late. Westlake Studio is deserted except for Michael, Quincy, Bubbles the chimpanzee, and a few technicians. "Smelly," as Jones calls Michael (possibly because the singer is so obsessively clean), still wants to lay down more vocal tracks. On the recording console in front of Quincy sits a comic strip clipped from a newspaper, the punch line to which reads: "Michael Jackson is 30 years old and he's never had a date." Michael picks it up and reads it. Then he puts it back gently and turns away. He seems hurt by the words. Half a beat passes, then he giggles like a schoolboy, and walks into the recording booth.

Alone in the semidarkness, illuminated softly by a single spotlight, he starts to sing. This, finally, is what it's all about. Somewhere out there Prince has finished his new record and Run-D.M.C. are thinking about theirs and Walter Yetnikoff is learning to live with the CBS balance sheets. But that's some other place. Here, for now, none of that exists; there are no problems, no merchandise deals, no deadlines, no family rivalries. It's just Michael and the song.

Suddenly, he is no longer the dreamy, whispering recluse. He is no longer soft. He attacks the song, dancing, waving his hands, moving with unexpected power. He is in his own world, but for once, it's a world that others beside himself can believe in. For these few moments, at least, he is neither a joke nor an icon, just a very, very talented singer.

But then the song is over. Quincy looks on approvingly; it's a take. Michael walks over to the console and gives him a hug. Then he pulls a surgical mask from his pocket, slips it over his head, and takes off into the L.A. night.

In 3-D he looks almost lifelike: Michael and furry friend in *Captain "EO,"* the \$20 million sci-fi adventure film that Francis Coppola directed for Disneyland.



moving images

# LATE NIGHTS WITH PAUL SHAFFER

As told to Scott Brown

Paul Shaffer is one of the hippest guys on TV. Just watch him. As David Letterman's musical director and sidekick, Shaffer has cultivated his head-bobbing, finger-snapping, hipster image to a fine edge. Either super-cool or super-square, he's the perfect foil for Letterman's acerbic wit. Together they can turn Paul's last visit to the laundromat into a sophisticated comedy routine. But Shaffer has the credentials to back up his hip-guy image. As a session musician he's played with most of the greats; he appeared on *Saturday Night Live* back in its great early days; and this month Cinemax will air his first TV special, *Viva Shaf Vegas*, described as "an Odyssean journey through the Vegas nightlife." Since Shaffer's the ultimate late-night guy, what, we wondered, were his greatest late-night



**M**ichael Jackson steps into the quiet studio in West Hollywood dressed in a red corduroy shirt, black corduroy pants, a brown belt with a gold eagle buckle, white sweat socks, and black espadrilles. He has on '50s-style dark shades, a brown fedora, and his long jeri-curl hair is pulled back and tied in a ponytail. A chimpanzee dressed in overalls sits on his shoulder one minute, in his lap the next.

At one end of the studio, a spread of fried chicken, potato salad, greens, and cole slaw has been arranged. The key men are present: Quincy Jones, who is sitting on the floor, making notes between spoonfuls of soul food; Bruce, the walrus-mustached engineer; and Frank DiLeo, who sits back in the control room sending long streams of cigar smoke curling toward the ceiling. They're taking a break before Run-D.M.C. come in to collaborate on an anti-crack song. Michael sits on a piano stool and says little.

At 29, Michael Jackson looks barely 19: in his white pancake makeup, he looks like a ghost. Assimilation has traditionally been a social phenomenon—blacks, Hispanics, and Asians moving into white society as they prospered—but Jackson redefines it. Through cosmetics and plastic surgery, he has assimilated himself *biologically*, recreating himself in a Caucasian image.

Run-D.M.C. come swaggering into the studio dressed all in black—black hats, black shirts, black pants—except for their white Adidas and inch-thick gold braids hanging around their necks. "Yo, what up, Q?" they shout to Quincy as they invade the room.

Jones embraces them and introduces Michael. They seem taken aback by his shy, quiet presence, as if they thought the real Michael Jackson would be different. Seconds tick by, punctuated by silence. The rappers turn away at last and start jiving noisily with each other. And Michael drifts through his own calm, through some serene place where he lives most of the time.

The meeting unsettles Run-D.M.C. They can't seem to get on track with the anti-crack rap—something, according to Jones, is missing from their lyrics. He tells them to try their rap with more sophistication—metaphorically, symbolically. They work on it again but can't get anything together before they have to leave. Michael puts on his headphones and slips quietly into the recording booth's single spotlight. He will be here until it all comes together.

**E**ven in exile, Michael found no peace. "The media attacks surfaced again," says Joyce McCrae. "So he isolated himself even more for protection, and put himself in the company of people like Elizabeth Taylor and others who accepted him as he was, because they too have been attacked by the media and understood what he was going through. Michael's obviously found ways to deal with the pain caused by the media, but he has spent a lot of time just hurting. You build a wall around yourself and try to do things to make yourself immune to pain without losing your humanness. That's the hard part, staying human."

Many of the attacks came from white rock critics who suddenly seemed to resent his unparalleled success. Jackson doesn't fit the model for rock critic idolatry. Someone like Bruce Springsteen plays the guitar, writes songs that are subject to literary criticism, and dances like a white guy. Whereas Michael Jackson represents a black cultural heritage that white rock critics either don't know about or would rather appreciate nostalgically from someone who's dead.

More and more, Michael cloistered himself in his mansion in Encino, California. The estate sits behind a large wall with a huge black iron gate, which is heavily guarded at all times. The only thing the fans



**"There's no way that he will turn outward and live in the real world again. People thought that at some point he might outgrow it and open up, but now that's impossible."**



entity called "Michael Jackson." "He has a split personality," says a member of his staff. "He is very bright and self-destructively brilliant. He has an extremely high I.Q. and certain quirks and personality disorders. He might have six or twenty sides to him, and they're all competing against each other."

Over the past year, Quincy Jones has devoted himself to saving Michael from Michael Jackson. Since last fall, however, Jones has been losing the battle. Michael Jackson makes more and more deals—movies, commercials, soft drinks, clothing, toys, perfumes. All of this distracts him from making the al-

bum; at the same time, all of it depends on the record's completion. Finding a way through this impasse to make an album that could possibly follow *Thriller* is the most difficult challenge that Michael has ever faced.

**Assimilation has traditionally been a social phenomenon, but Jackson redefines it. Through cosmetics and plastic surgery, he has assimilated himself biologically.**



Vince Zuffante/Sor File

except to Jones and Frank DiLeo, his short, squat manager who has just come into the studio wrapped in a billowing cloud of cigar smoke.

As Michael nibbles on a pomegranate and whistles the take and returns to the booth, sweating and staggering like a man who has been drinking and screwing all night, Michael embraces him warmly.

This is the Michael who is a pleasure to work with, a gifted songwriter and prankster. Quincy Jones watches him with obvious satisfaction. The troubles

ing against the sin of pride. The "Thriller" video, with its suggestions of vampirism and strange sexual rites, brought it all out into the open. Soon there were private meetings between Michael and the elders, discussions about the state of his soul and the damaging effects of his video.

As "Thriller" went into heavy rotation on MTV, Jehovah's Witness headquarters in New York released an official statement condemning it. In L.A., Michael was called into still more meetings with the religion's leadership. Shortly after one of those meetings, he issued his own statement repudiating the video, promising never to present such images and ideas again. The public embarrassment left him shaken.

There were also problems at home, centering on family patriarch Joe Jackson, and intensifying with Michael's success. Michael first broke with his father in 1981, after the last of their management contracts expired. As Michael's solo career took off, bad feelings grew among his brothers, stimulated by his father's machinations. One by one, each of the Jackson brothers produced solo records, and one by one, each was a failure. Then, in 1979, Michael released *Off the Wall*, which sold a staggering 7 million copies. Afterward, some of the Jacksons stopped speaking to one another, and blamed Michael for the group's failure.

When Joe Jackson reappeared in his son's life after *Thriller*, it sparked an intense struggle over Michael between Joe and an opportunistic assembly of producers, promoters, hustlers, and freshly minted friends. Playing on Michael's fears that he had betrayed and abandoned his brothers, Joe worked his way at least partially back into favor with his famous son. Soon he was reportedly making deals again in Michael's name. He joined with one Hollywood producer to develop a film based on "Beat It," to star Michael himself. Michael knew nothing about it and eventually disavowed any connection to it.

But none of the projects tagged to Michael's increasingly valuable name was as big as the one that boxing promoter Don King dreamed up: a Jackson 5 reunion tour. King bypassed Michael and went directly to his parents, offering Joe and his wife, Katherine, millions to be his partners on the tour. While King worked on Joe Jackson, Jackson worked on Michael. Michael's plans called for a major tour of his own to support *Thriller*, as well as various film projects, but the pressure from his father and his brothers finally became too great and he bowed to their wishes. The tour and the album that would be whipped up to justify its existence were titled "Victory."

It was a disaster. Michael was hospitalized when his hair caught fire during the filming of a commercial for the tour's sponsor, Pepsi; threats of boycotts from black community groups incensed by exorbitant ticket prices dogged the tour; King was reduced to a figurehead and replaced by New England Patriots owner Chuck Sullivan, who lost millions on the tour and subsequently sold his stadium to cover his losses.

Although Michael tried to present a harmonious public image of his family, it was impossible to disguise the simmering jealousies. Now, his obligations fulfilled, he wanted out. "It was devastating," says Joyce McCrae, a longtime Jackson family employee. "This was the culmination of the least wonderful experience that he has ever had with his family. Michael's tremendous success has affected every member of his family. Some are jealous, there's been denial, there's been the whole gamut of human emotions. Jackie's the most bitter, the most hurt by Michael's success, because he thinks he put Michael out front in the first place. He's also the oldest. There's this assumption that he created Michael."

Westlake Studio is a well-kept secret, a nondescript, two-story red brick building with beige trim and draped, tinted windows. No signs announce its location; it blends perfectly with the neighborhood's bland architecture. But in the tight alley behind Westlake sit Mercedes, Rolls-Royces, Ferraris, and stretch limousines with judiciously darkened windows.

Inside the studio, Michael Jackson is pacing the floor as jazz organist Jimmy Smith lays down tracks for a song called "Bad." It's a leaping, driving, swaggering song about what a young man can do in bed, seemingly made to order for Smith's hard-swinging style. He has knocked out one remarkable take after another, improvising solos with a wide, toothy smile.

But Michael wants something more. After the playback, he hears Lola Smith ask if everyone picked up on Jimmy's grunts while he was playing. Now Michael wants those grunts on tape, says he has to have them. Smith goes back into the booth to deliver again, this time complete with funky grunts. During these takes, Michael comes out of his shell, rocking and stamping his feet. He doesn't ever talk much,

of last year seem behind them. The many Michaels have been distilled into one and he's in the studio working well.

Things aren't always this easy. Taciturn himself, Michael demands constant stimulation. He is childish but domineering, shrewd yet abstracted. He is rich and powerful, but also an insecure child. He can be angelically sweet or cuttlingly cold. His every whim is satisfied. He gets what he wants, but only as long as he remains inside the cocoon of his self-created isolation.

The intimation that he's withholding something is vital to Michael's mystery, what makes him a star. And his sedulous commitment to the Jehovah's Witnesses is his most elusive secret. What others suspect to be some dark, subterranean sexuality may in fact be just the opposite: a reflection of the Witnesses' severe prohibitions against sex and sexual fantasy. Stories proliferate that he won't even allow sexual banter in his presence. People who work with him just have to learn to live with this.

Sometimes the strain even gets to Michael. Jehovah's Witness tenets include belief in an apocalypse that only Witnesses will survive, stern sanctions against premarital sex and homosexuality, and warnings against contact with the secular world. Michael rebelled through his music, especially on *Thriller*, which was about much that the Witnesses disdain—teenage sex, one-night stands, unwed mothers, gangs, vampires. It was only a symbolic revolt, but it was a potent one, touching millions of lives.

It sent shock waves through the Witnesses. At the Kingdom Hall, which Michael attends in Encino, there was a division between his young Witness fans and the grim-faced elders, who had already issued veiled warnings about his success, pointedly preach-

On the set of the "Bad" video.





**Miller**  
Genuine Draft

**FREE!\***  
**RECORDS  
& TAPES**

When you purchase two cases  
of Miller Genuine Draft.  
OR receive big savings on records  
and tapes when you purchase  
a 12-pack, two 6-packs  
or a case!

Choose from exciting  
CBS selections like:

Ricky Scaggs Eddie Money  
Beastie Boys John Cafferty Luther Vandross  
Sade Willie Nelson Dave Edmunds

Go to where you buy Miller Genuine Draft, look for the music  
display for details, and enjoy the rich, smooth taste of Miller  
Genuine Draft.

Void where prohibited. For additional information, write to  
Miller Genuine Draft Music Offer, P.O. Box 882, Church Hill, MD  
21690 for an order form and brochure.

(\*Plus \$1.25 postage and handling)



© 1993 Miller Brewing Company. Miller Genuine Draft is a registered trademark of Miller Brewing Company. All rights reserved.

Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, WI 53212

**COLD-FILTERED DRAFT BEER**

Material chronology: vom Autoskinn



# THE PRESSURE TO BEAT IT

Michael Jackson faces the monumental challenge of topping *Thriller*. Already a year behind schedule, hemmed in by his family and his religion, the world's biggest pop star is running scared.

Article by Quincy Troupe

Photography by David Michael Kennedy

It is October 1986, and Michael Jackson is holed up in a West Hollywood recording studio trying to complete the follow-up to *Thriller*, the best-selling album of all time. The new record has been in production for almost a year already and is long overdue. There have been problems.

The last four years have not been a good time for Michael Jackson. Since *Thriller* and the Jacksons' disastrous Victory tour, he has managed to generate the most powerful backlash in the history of popular entertainment. There have been bitter family

feuds, an acrimonious rift with the Jehovah's Witnesses, broken friendships with Diana Ross and Paul McCartney, and the burden of a celebrity so unmanageable that it drove him into isolation. Even in seclusion, reports of his plastic surgery, his private menagerie, and his hyperbaric chamber conspire to make him a national joke—a joke repeated each time another line of irrelevant Michael Jackson merchandise hits the stores. In record time, he has gone from being one of the most admired of celebrities to one of the most absurd. And the

pressure to restore himself in the public eye is paralyzing him.

"He's afraid to finish the record," says an associate of Jackson's. "The closer he gets to completing it, the more terrified he becomes of that confrontation with the public. Quincy Jones could only keep him protected from it for so long, then he leaves the studio and it's there. He's reminded that everyone is waiting for this record and he goes into a shell. He's frightened."

The first thing that people who know him tell you is that there is Michael and there is the corporate



# NEW SPECIES ETTA



## A NEW LEVEL OF INTERIOR COMFORT.

The Beretta cockpit. A world of aesthetic design. Both front bucket seats have their own suspension systems to help tune out road vibrations. Watch Beretta's vital signs come to light as you turn on the optional electronic instrumentation. With a touch of your finger, you can even check your gas mileage or the temperature outside.



Make the road your natural habitat. Put yourself in the unforgettable shape of Beretta. A new species. Performance figures completed by professional drivers on a closed track.



THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA  TODAY'S CHEVROLET

# SPIN

What this West Coast Editor stuff means is I get way flexible hours, free records in the mail, and SPIN pays my phone bills whenever I get around to submitting them. I have to, like, write an article maybe every six months or so, but other than that, it's pretty low maintenance. Except now this kid who runs the magazine keeps talking about "unnecessary expenses." So that's where you come in: To keep my life simple, and to indulge yourself in reviews, interviews, photos that take up space better used for writing, and especially for finely wrought semi-annual features by yours truly, just lay out 24 bucks (\$30 Canadian, \$30 U.S. elsewhere in the world) and subscribe to the thing. They throw in a way cool black SPIN T-shirt when you do, so go ahead on. Life is good—help keep it that way.

**BART BULL**  
West Coast Editor

**SPIN** 1965 Broadway  
New York, NY 10023

I'll subscribe! \$24 for 12 issues  
and I get refunded for unreceived  
issues if I cancel.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

\$30 Canadian in Canada, \$30  
U.S. elsewhere in the world  
per subscription. Allow six to eight  
weeks for delivery.

check T-shirt size

☐ S ☐ M ☐ L

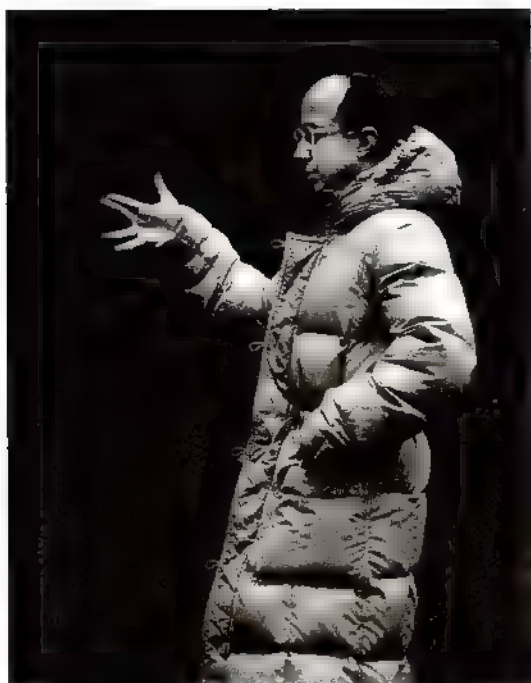
Credit card orders: 1-800-247-  
5470

H9AA

**SPIN. AIN'T TOO PROUD  
TO BEG.**







Anton Corbijn

#### SLY & BOBBY

Back in the first or second season of the David Letterman show, Sly Stone came on. He was perfectly on time. Will Lee, my bass player, a big fan of Sly's music, had stayed up all night studying Sly to be prepared, and then he crashed out and came in late. Sly was just thrilled. It was the first time in his life that anyone, other than himself, had been late. The next day, I called him at his hotel, just to say how great it was working with him, and he said, "Yeah, listen, do you have \$100? I have to get to the airport and I'm a little short of cash." Imagine, the millions of dollars that were at his disposal at one time. I was speechless. So I said, "Sure." When he

came down to the rehearsal to pick it up, he said, "Thank's a lot, I'll pay you back." And I never heard from him again. I couldn't believe it. I decided to chalk it up to music lessons. Three years later, Bobby Womack was booked on the show. Of course, he and Sly had hung out for a while in the old days, and he comes over to me, takes out his wallet, hands me \$100, and says, "Here, Sly told me to give you this."

#### CHARLES & DI

A great Canadian night was when I was invited to Vancouver to attend a state dinner for Prince Charles and Lady Di. The night before I left I had spoken to Eric Clapton, and he told me they were

very sticky about protocol and stuff. For one thing, you're not supposed to speak to royalty until you're spoken to. So there I was the very next night in Vancouver, and there's Prince Charles right in front of me in the receiving line, and nobody knows who I am, and nobody introduces me, and he doesn't speak, and I don't know what to do. All I can think of is "don't talk until they talk." But I had to, since otherwise nobody would have said anything. So I said, "Your Highness, my name's Paul Shaffer and I'm the musical director of the *Late Night with David Letterman* show." And he said, "Oh, really, how late?" I said, "About 12:30," and he said, "Count me out."

#### THE LAST BARRIER

On *Saturday Night Live* we did a comedy sketch based on that famous tape where the Troggs are arguing backstage, but we set the sketch in medieval times. We were like a medieval band rehearsing for a concert for the queen, and the dialogue was all verbatim from the Troggs tape, except we changed all the "fuckings" to "floggings." I was saying things like, "You play the flogging bass," and getting a lot of laughs saying flogging all the time. But then I slipped, and I did say fuck on live television. It was sort of historic. It was a first. Lorne Michaels came up to me afterwards and said, "Congratulations, you just broke through the last barrier."

#### PARLIAMENT AT THE APOLLO

The greatest show I ever saw was the Parliaments at the Apollo in about 1980. First, the Brides of Funkenstein opened up for them. Then the Parliaments' rhythm section started playing, and it was just so powerful that the entire audience jumped to its feet from the opening four bars and stood for the next four hours. I couldn't believe it. My friend Harry Shearer and I were sitting in the audience, and there weren't too many other white people. I was a little ner-

vous, especially leaving Harlem in the middle of the night. I remember a little black girl recognized me from TV. I said "Let me ask you a question. How do a couple of Jewish kids get out of this neighborhood at this hour?" And she said, "Just walk on out. You'll already own half of it anyway."

#### MAGIC AND SCIENCE

When I was in Las Vegas researching my Cinemax special, *Paul Shaffer: Viva Shaf Vegas*, Harry Shearer, one of the writers, and I went to see Siegfried and Roy. They are two German magicians with trained tigers and lions, which they make appear and disappear. On this particular night, James Brown was in the audience, and after the show there was a sort of summit meeting of show business personnel in Siegfried and Roy's suite; Harry and myself, Siegfried and Roy, and James Brown and his wife. This meeting went on for about an hour and a half, with James talking about show business, philosophy, religion, and science. In his inimitable style—he has his own rather soulful vocabulary—James fired various questions at Siegfried and Roy, like, what was their opinion of science. And Siegfried and Roy, two German guys with their own accented way of speaking, were stumped. Harry and I didn't have much to say, so we sat back and reverently listened.

#### FIFTEEN MINUTES

When Andy Warhol was a guest on my radio show, "Live From The Hard Rock Cafe," I said, "Andy, here you are. You're several years my senior and you're way hipper than I'll ever be. How can I ever possibly get to be as hip as you when I'm your age?" And he said, "Oh, you're doing fine. Everything you say on *Letterman* is great." I said, "You're out every night. How can you be watching *Letterman*?" And he said, "I just go in the front door of those clubs and go right out the back door and go home and watch the show."

# STILLS

Annette Funicello, 44, and Frankie Avalon, 46, head back to the beach in **Back To The Beach**, an awaited sequel to their '60s surfer movies. Fishbone are whipping up the soundtrack's bongo fury. The movie opens (naturally) in the summer.

■ Flea of the Chili Peppers stars in two new movies: in **Dudes**, directed by Penelope Spheeris and due in July, he plays a hitchhiker who's beaten up by rednecks in Arizona; in **Stranded**, directed by Tex Fuller and due in September, he plays an extraterrestrial who's beaten up by rednecks in North Carolina. "Touring with the Chili Peppers gave me a lot of experience to draw on," Flea explains. ■ Kid Creole plays an Oriental bookmaker in **Pathos: A Taste Of Fear**, an "erotic rock thriller" by Italian director Piccio Raffanini, set for October release. Meanwhile, his sidekick Coati Mundi has a cameo role in **Who's That Girl**, Madonna's next film. Mundi's also been asked back for a third appearance on **Miami Vice**. ■ Robert Frank, the celebrated photographer whose first feature, **Cocksucker Blues**, was held from release by its subjects, the Rolling Stones, tries again with **There Ain't No Candy Mountain**. An adventure film with a rock 'n' roll theme, it features David Johansen, Dr. John, Joe Strummer, and Tom Waits. ■ Sting rumored to be close to accepting the title role in Norman Mailer's movie adaptation of **King Lear**. "He may have no spur to prick the sides of his intent, but only vaulting ambition which o'er leaps itself," comments Sting's office in Cawdor, Scotland. ■ Lou Diamond stars as Richie Valens in **La Bamba**, a musical bio opening in July. ■ Rob Lowe is odds-on favorite to play Eddie Cochran in another musical bio, as yet unscheduled. ■ Mickey Rourke has already been cast as Jerry Lee Lewis in **Great Balls of Fire**, a totally unprecedented musical bio. This will be Rourke's first opportunity to thump a piano; so far he has only beaten up a gang of toughs (**Rumble Fish**), a fridge (**Year of the Dragon**), his bathroom mirror (**Angel Heart**), and Kim Basinger (**9½ Weeks**).

# INTRODUCING BACARDI PREMIUM BLACK



So rich and smooth, it could only be Bacardi rum.

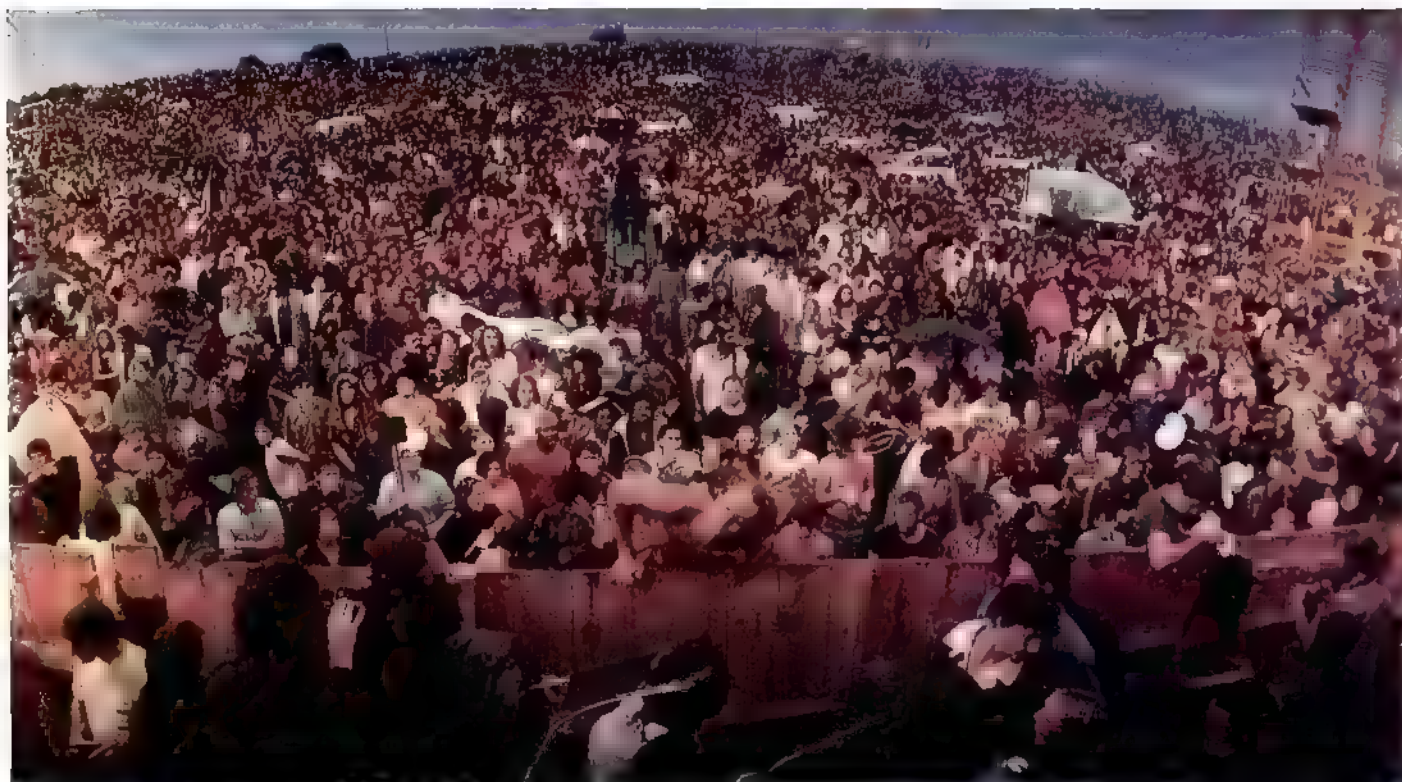
MADE IN PUERTO RICO. BACARDI AND THE BAT LOGO

REG. U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF. BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED © 1987 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. (100% GRAPE VINEYARD PROOF)

Material developed by permission of the advertiser



# FANS



WOODSTOCK, BY ELLIOT LANDY

Fans are just like humans. They come in different colors and sizes and are found all around the world. Fans write letters and join clubs. Their dreams are like video clips on MTV. They'll wait patiently for hours in the rain and cold for a glimpse of their idols. The simplest gesture will drive them wild. Fans are loyal.

Wherever idols go, they're sure to follow. They'll travel to the ends of the earth if they have to. All they ask for in return is a simple handshake or autograph. Fans are dependable. They'll be at airports, hotels, backstage. They're never late, always return phone calls, and never forget a birthday. Although the

idols they choose may be different, fans worship them in much the same ways. They'll buy them clothes, make their beds, fix their dinners, and mop their floors. There's nothing a fan wouldn't do, if asked. Fans are indispensable. Without them, idols would be no different from me and you.

Text by Scott Cohen



OZZY OSBOURNE FANS, BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY



# Newport



*Alive with pleasure!*

After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.



DEADHEADS, BY PETER ANDERSON



NASHVILLE FANFAIR, BY BETH GWINN

**When I die, bury  
me deep With a  
turntable at my  
feet And a pair of  
speakers beside  
my head So that I  
can listen to the  
Grateful Dead**

**—graffiti,  
New York City**





HEAVY METAL NIGHT AT THE CAT CLUB, NEW YORK CITY, BY CHRIS CARROLL

Their faces were contorted and their mouths screamed silently. The musicians marveled that people thought that rock musicians were strange, when it was really their fans who led bizarre lives, spending an evening getting soaked just to touch a wet car for a second.

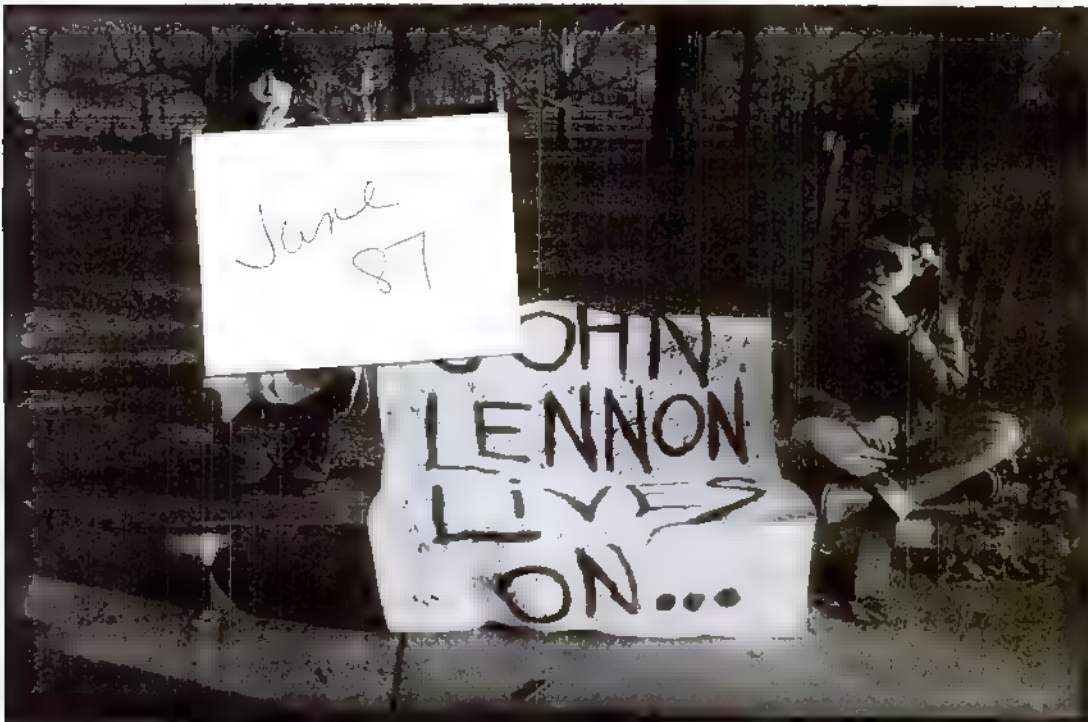
—Stephen Davis,  
*Hammer of the Gods:  
The Led Zeppelin Saga*



HARDCORE FANS, BY MICHAEL LAVINE



BEASTIE BOYS FANS, BY GLEN E. FRIEDMAN



JOHN LENNON FANS, BY GODLIS



**Rapid City, SD 57709**



# ANTIHERO

For 20 years he reigned as Hollywood's great seducer—the movie star most boys wanted to be like, and girls wanted to be with. But now is definitely not a good time to be Warren Beatty.

It was last year, not in Marienbad, but in my front room in London. Someone was talking about a book to be published this year called *Who's Had Who*, which traces the relationships of the fêted, *via veneris*. (No, that's not a street in Rome.) And as I looked around I realized that we all had something in common. The common link was one man; a man losing his graying hair and licking his smarting wounds in a suite at the Beverly Wilshire, a man whose very name is literally a joke, like Britt Ekland's. Earlier that evening someone had told me a joke:

"Why do girls sleep with Warren Beatty?"

"I don't know, why?"

"Because they can't be bothered to wank!"

Now the po-faced words of the Radio Doctor sneered in my ears: "When we sleep with people These Days, we don't just sleep with them—but with everyone they've ever slept with!" Laugh? I thought I'd take an AIDS test!

Now the joke was on us. And not just us. So wide has Mr. Beatty's net been cast that only the most sheltered of SPIN readers cannot trace the same rude roots. Warren Beatty is like the Via Veneto, which is a street in Rome—sit there long enough and you'll see everyone you know pass by, the sages say. Sit on Mr. Beatty's face long enough and the same will happen. "I've danced with a man who's danced with a girl who's danced with the Prince of Wales," the old song went. These days, you've slept with a man who's slept with a girl who's slept with Warren Beatty—and thenceforth with Leslie Caron, Joan Collins, Michelle Phillips, Natalie Wood, Mary Tyler Moore, Vivien Leigh, and Julie Christie. Not to mention (cringe) Diane Keaton, Liv Ullmann, Britt Ekland, Carly Simon, and Joni Mitchell. Warren Beatty has been the Johnny Appleseed of sperm, soldering an invisible bond between a good proportion of the human race.

What do you say about a man whose career died, to paraphrase Oliver in *Love Story*? (A part Beatty no doubt turned down, as he turned



down *The Godfather*, *The Sting*, *Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid*, *The Great Gatsby*, and *Last Tango in Paris*—though quite what the point was of turning down these parts to make unadulterated tosh like *The Only Game in Town*, *Kaleidoscope*, and *Heaven Can Wait* I've never been able to fathom.) That he loved McGovern, Missoni, Mercedes, muff . . . and himself? Yes, probably. It is hard to get any other handle on Beatty but a selection of shopping lists: of girls had, causes espoused, politicians flattered, films made. Warren Beatty, despite his very obvious assets, is not a publicist's dream; Rex Reed said that getting a decent interview out of him was like asking a hemophiliac to donate a pint of blood. And like most people who aren't a publicist's dream, he's a bit boring. This man is so boring that he once actually got none other than JOAN COLLINS to live on a diet of nuts, celery, and carrot juice. Beatty boasted of never drinking, never smoking, never drugging ("It hasn't been proven yet that marijuana doesn't cause chromosomal and brain damage"), so of course he was a primal health-food bore.

Like most boring people, Beatty is a '60s/'70s cusp type—and they, of course, are embarrassing in the way the genuine '60s item isn't anymore. Sedgwick and the Shrimp are hip; Keaton and Twiggy are not. Maybe there will come a day when chest hair and Laurel Canyon are as acceptable in mixed company as miniskirts and Swinging London. But I doubt it, I really do. He was born in Virginia, created in Hollywood, and buried in the '80s, another country; between *Bonnie and Clyde*, which made \$35 million in the '60s, and *Reds*, which cost \$35 million in the '80s, he was something between a film presence and a film power. It was *Shampoo*, made exactly halfway through the '70s, that sealed his fate. It made \$20 million in its first two weeks, and it broke him.

In theory there are three bits of Beatty: Beatty the brain, Beatty the bleeding heart, and Beatty the penis. Only the penis bears the examination that the rash of memoirs of the kiss-and-sell '70s exposed it to: "The most divine lover of all. I have never known such pleasure"—Britt Ekland. Thinking is not Warren Beatty's strong suit,

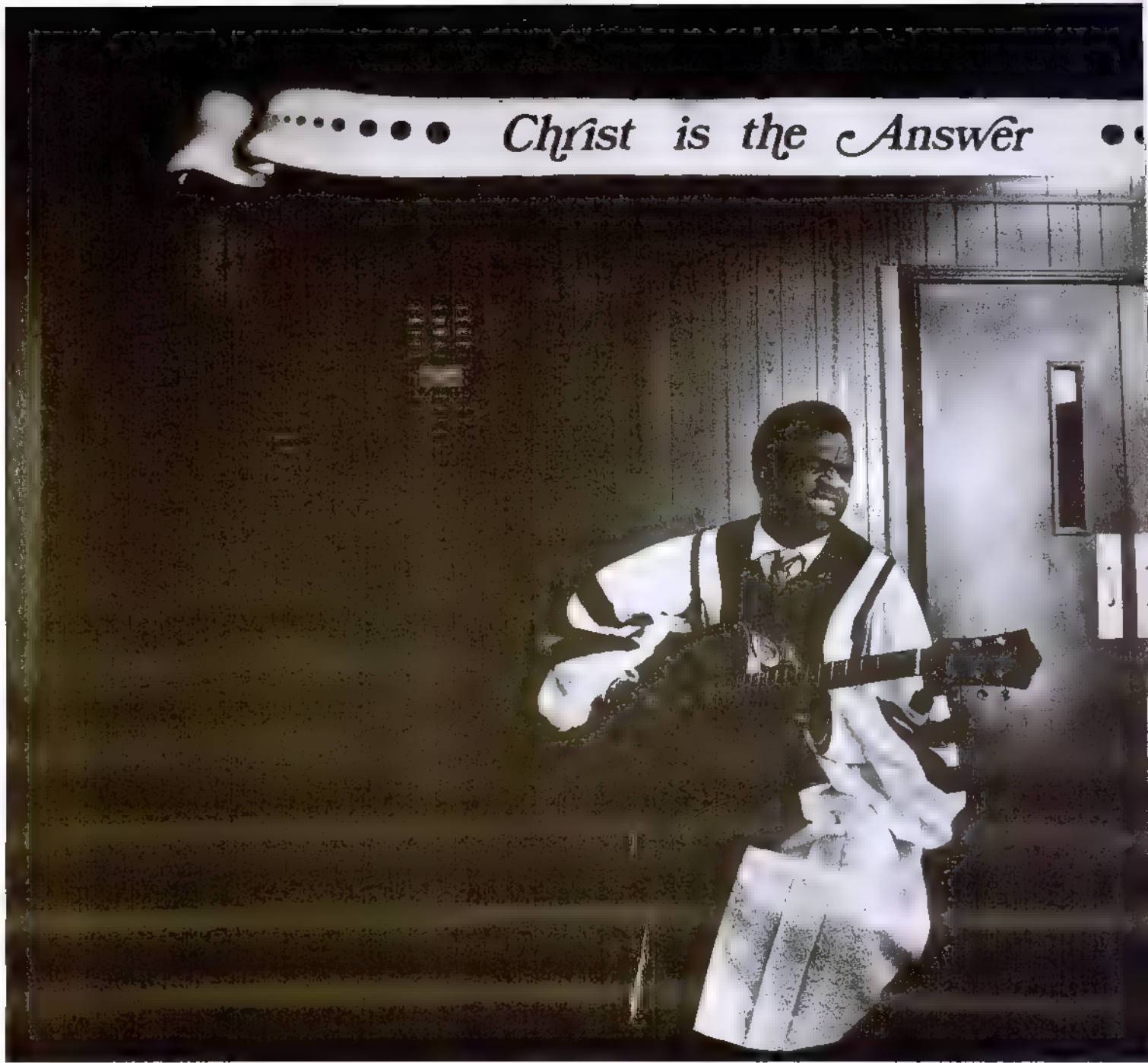
and he has always feared this; interviewing him in 1967, Rex Reed was amazed at the way he constantly interjected, "I AM intelligent; I KNOW I am intelligent." It is exactly the sort of thing poor Saint Marilyn would have come out with had she lived much longer, and the sort of thing Tony Curtis lived long enough to say—"They treated me like a piece of meat! They reviewed my novel as though someone like Jayne Mansfield had written it!" There is no honor among bimbos, as they lash out with their long claws, cornered, trying desperately to prove that there is someone else more worthy of contempt; didn't poor Jayne Mansfield herself wash out her bleach and cream off her Panstik for her final, awful, gritty social-realist film *Single Room Furnished*?

"Love me for my brain" is the eternal cry of the perfect piece of ass stranded in Strumpet City—a piece that can be male as easily as female. As surely as Saint Marilyn started out as a starlet dependent on the kindness of strangers, so did Beatty. He was called to Hollywood for a bit part in a TV show—a bitter insult in itself to a high-browed Method boy who had gone the usual peanut butter/cold-water walk-up/Stella Adler route in New York City for six months and thus considered the world, or at least the pick of the juvenile leads, his due. At 22, spotty and shortsighted, he was sharp-eyed enough to spot the 26-year-old Joan Collins at La Scala. She was his entree to the gossip columns, even if her friends wondered why she was wasting herself on "an out-of-work child actor." His next girlfriends, Vivien Leigh and Natalie Wood, were his tickets into Hollywood proper; he actually did play a gigolo opposite Leigh in *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* and was rarely better—except opposite Natalie Wood at the 1967 Academy Awards. She was at the peak of her career as America's Bobbysoxer Sweetheart with *West Side Story*, and the photograph of Beatty as her new man was flashed all around the world. At 26, he was named as correspondent

*continued on page 88*

Column by Julie Burchill





# AMAZING GRACE

After a dozen years of walking the road to heaven, the Reverend Al Green raises a little hell.

White. White teeth—white, *white* teeth—white tie, white shoes, white pants, white jacket. And in the button-hole, a red, red rose. Yes, and Al Green is smiling, *smiling*. Smiling, grinning, glowing—white, *white* teeth—gleaming and beaming with joy and gold jewelry, glowing with love and happiness.

And Al Green is always beaming, *always*, even now. Even now. Even now, just a very few slim moments before he'll be out on a Northern California concert stage and the seats will be filled with devout churchified ladies from Oakland and Richmond and San Francisco, big broad-boned black ladies and little black ladies with bones like birds and yes, they well remember all those worldly songs Al Green used to sing back ten or fifteen years ago, "Let's Stay Together" and "Tired of Being Alone" and "I'm Still in Love with You," all of those and all of the others. Yes, they remember. But no, they didn't come here tonight, not one of them, to hear Al Green sing those songs. Tonight they came to hear the man who left all that talk of worldly love behind him when he took up his calling, when he finally accepted God's will, when he stopped fighting and surrendered his life and his music to the Lord. Tonight they are ready to hear the Reverend Al Green.

And tonight the Reverend Green is beaming and gleaming backstage, talking with old friends, laughing, *laughing*. And if the ladies of the audience had been here this afternoon to see the Reverend rehearse his band, they'd have seen him relaxed and laughing, beaming and gleaming and giggling and just having himself a *wonderful* time working the band through the evergreen glory of "Let's Stay Together." Wearing those glasses of his for the scholarly effect, the clear ones with the tiny, tiny pink roses embedded in the frames, and adjusting the singers' harmonies, squeezing the horns down tighter, teaching the drummer that unbeatable trot, and preparing to sing, for the first

time in all the nine years since he came to Jesus once and all, one of his old songs, his secular songs, his love songs. Yes, and singing, just for a quick little moment, "Let's . . . let's stay to-gether . . . loving you whether . . . whether . . . times are good or bad, happy or—" before he cut it short, and burst out laughing.

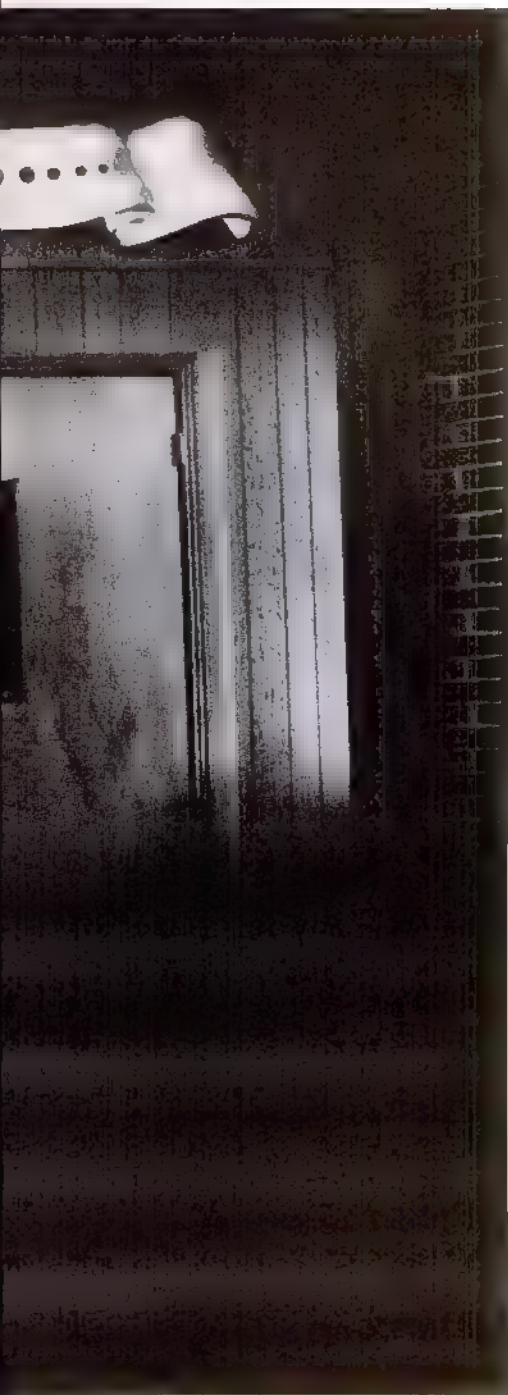
And he's laughing backstage now, just moments to go, slapping his knees and howling high and maybe even looking out of the corner of his eye just a little to see if everyone is appreciating him appreciating the joke. And they should, truly they should, because tonight is like some moment fallen loose from a history book. Tonight Al Green will step back across a line he has crossed just once before, a line that won't be crossed too many times.

Sam Cooke crossed this line one time going in the other direction. He left the Soul Stirrers, left the mightiest gospel quartet, left it to become a big pop star. And he did too, became the biggest of black pop stars, became a manly black symbol of style and sophistication. Yes, but something was missing, something was wrong that he could not right. Didn't matter how well his worldly career was going, didn't matter what he did, and so he tried to come back over the line. He went onstage with the Soul Stirrers in Chicago, and first the good gospel folks were silent as the dead and after that they catcalled him right off the stage. Yes, and it wasn't too many months later that Sam Cooke was shot dead in a Los Angeles auto court. What does it profit a man to gain the world if he loses his soul?

And from the instant the Reverend Green bounces up the steps to this Northern California stage, something is wrong, something isn't working, some presence, some *spirit*, is missing. The ladies of the audience are patient but they're ready too, waiting to be moved, to be shaken and stirred. Yes, and still something is missing, something is empty. Maybe Al Green's mind is elsewhere, maybe deep in his heart Al

Article by Bart Bull

Photography by Anton Corbijn









Green knows he's not supposed to mess with those old songs. He hasn't touched one yet—not yet—but they're so near at hand. All he has to do right now is call for "Let's Stay Together" and he'll have stepped back over that line again.

Those songs are so near at hand, and so are those good gospel-drenched ladies, the ones who have been with him in these years since he came to his calling. "You know," he tells them, "there are two different kinds of love." Smiling shyly, slyly, he's scratching the back of his head and looking up at the lights. "Let's not ever forget that. Let's not ever forget that there are two kinds of love, that there's God's love and then there's man's love, the love of a man for his wife, the love of a wife for her husband. And that's a righteous love too, because that's why man and woman was created by God, for love and happiness, so that they would stay together." And the band has just so very, very sweetly and so very, very softly eased on into a familiar little trot, has slipped into "Let's Stay Together," and even the sternest of the ladies can't help but start to rock in the pews.

Yes, and even though it's all falling in place for the Reverend Green to lean right back into the open arms of "Let's Stay Together," he carries on, he commences, he loosens his tie and continues to testify. A man's love for a woman, a woman's love for a man can be a righteous thing, but we all know that God knows when it is and when it is not. Can anyone out there tonight ever say that they have gone and fooled God? No, and it's only a fool who thinks he can fool God, who thinks he can do any old thing he wants to do, who thinks he can escape from what's right, from what's righteous. Does anyone here know what I'm talking about here tonight?

Yes, and the band is still vamping on "Let's Stay Together," and before too many minutes the Reverend does grab that song up, goes ahead on and sings the thing but he can't seem to find the spirit in it. It's beautiful, it's sleek as a cat, no one in the world can sing a song like Al Green, no one in all the world, but not this song, not tonight. No.

And it doesn't matter what he does now, doesn't matter if he stops and takes off his shoes to get a little more comfortable—he does—and it doesn't matter if he throws those shoes, throws them deep into the cheap seats—he does—and it doesn't matter if he sets himself down on the edge of the stage and dangles his stocking feet and lays back on the stage and starts to singing again. No, it doesn't matter what he does, doesn't matter that he goes on to sing "Precious Lord" or "He Is the Light," doesn't matter that he is Al

Green, the Reverend Al Green, the sweetest, finest, greatest singer on God's earth, because tonight he isn't moved, isn't stirred. Because tonight he can't find the spirit. And tonight the ladies are going home early.

On the following day, he's scheduled for a morning taping of *Soul Train*, though by the time he arrives it's late afternoon. He and Don Cornelius, the slowest-speaking host in show business, clasp all their hands together like old friends. There was a time when every Al Green song was a hit and every appearance he made on *Soul Train* was a gift. He sold 20 million records in the early '70s, with ten Top 10 hits. But it's been more than 12 years since the last of those now, and there's fair reason to believe Cornelius is simply offering an old friend a favor.

Still, if those hits linger in the memory of Cornelius, how much respect can be expected of the kids on this afternoon's *Soul Train*? The Reverend Green has elected to wear the most conservative of navy blue suits today, in contrast to all the spangled costumes around him; the only things the least bit flashy about him are his gold rings and the quiet pink roses of his boxy eyeglasses.

The kids dance to his lip-synched version of "You Brought the Sunshine,"—he may be the least-interested lip-synch artist in pop music—but they dance to everything once the cameras are on. Everyone, the Reverend Green included, is standing in place so Don Cornelius can muffle a few interview lines when out of nowhere a young guy, 17 or so, starts to sing. He sings the contagious little intro to "Let's Stay Together," Al Green's first No. 1 hit, and in the next instant everyone is singing too, swaying and clapping and urging the Reverend to join. These kids were all looking forward to kindergarten when "Let's Stay Together" was a hit, and there's no telling how they know it but they all do, every word, every note. The Reverend doesn't sing at all but simply soaks up the graceful sound of his own song. "I hope the tape's rollin'," he says, all smiles.

That evening the Reverend Green is playing L.A.'s heavenly Wilton Theater, a green-tiled monument to art deco architecture, a cathedral dedicated to man's amusement, a glorious ornament. The Reverend James Cleveland, gospel music's stout patriarch, is in the audience and with him are members of the Hawkins family, Oakland's famed gospel household. In the audience too is Michael Jackson, surgically masked for secrecy, with the little surgically masked Emmanuel Lewis.

Alongside the stars and lesser music

business scene-makers are the folks who fill the pews every Sunday, an audience with such very different matters on their minds. The Wilton is lovely beyond compare, and the sound is marvelously bad, and neither matters a small bit when the Reverend Green walks into the light. Tonight when he reaches his right hand up into the air the Holy Ghost is there, lifts him up, raises him up, lifts him, and will not let him down.

And tonight he brings forth "Let's Stay Together," brings it forth in front of just as many church folks as were on hand last night, and he says all those same things he said last night, and tonight there is a glory in it. Yes, and tonight he goes past the glory of his old songs, mighty as they are, and he sings "Amazing Grace." Just "Amazing Grace," that simple old song that's been done all to death and back again. Yes, and he is so filled with the spirit, and so much on fire, and so graceful, so grace-filled. Yes, and this is why people who don't even faintly believe in Jesus find themselves with tears streaming when they stand back and watch gospel music, find their souls moving in step with their feet, find themselves stirred. Stirred.

And tonight the Reverend Al Green isn't throwing out any shoes. No, tonight the Reverend is coming forth, is climbing down into the seats, is out among the flock. "It's alright," he tells the security ushers, "ain't no one gonna hurt me here," and he laughs as he sings. He's taken "Amazing Grace" and brought it down so very quiet, so very soft, and brought the audience along to higher ground. Any hand not clapping is raised high in the air, and all over the church—this is church now—the ladies have raised the holy shout, have found the sanctified bounce, have commenced to fall out, shivering, rattling, stiffening. And the Reverend passes through the crowd unmolested, hugging and shaking hands as he sings and delivering the spirit with every sound, every motion, every moment. "Was grace that brought me safe so far," he sings, and the clapping is so many times louder than the band, "and grace will lead me on."

And on the day that follows, on Sunday afternoon, at a time when he would usually be finished with the morning services back home in Memphis and not yet ready to start the early evening Bible study, Reverend Green is quiet in his hotel room, quiet and still. A Bible is at hand and a guitar is in his lap. A little soft pass at the strings, a little soft smile. The sound stays like the last ripple in a small pond after a rock has skipped the surface and settled to the bottom. It sounds like *The Belle Album*.



Buy any  
Sony Discman®  
and get 2 CBS  
"Collector's  
Choice"  
CDs plus a  
car cassette  
adaptor, FREE.  
A \$54<sup>00</sup> value.

CHOOSE TWO  
"COLLECTOR'S  
CHOICE" CDs  
FROM THESE  
20 SELECTIONS.  
SEE COUPON  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS.



CK01042 Gary Puckett & The  
Union Gap Greatest Hits

CK09608 Blood, Sweat & Tears

Child is Father to the Man

CK39942 Dion

Dion's Greatest Hits

CK32061 Hollies

Hollies Greatest Hits

CK32149 Liza Minelli

The Singer

CK33394 Jools  
Between The Lines

CK33703 Stan Getz

The Best of Two Worlds

CK34467 David Bromberg

The Best of David Bromberg

CK35302 The Oakridge Boys

The Best of the Oakridge Boys

CK36056 Bob James Lucky 7

CK37089 Dave Mason

Greatest Hits

CK37091 Phoebe Snow  
The Best of Phoebe Snow

ZK39946 The Beach Boys

The Beach Boys

CK40905 Aretha Franklin

Aretha Sings the Blues

CK40389 Little Richard

Greatest Hits—Live

MLK39443 Copland/  
Bernstein/Ormandy

Copland's Greatest Hits

MLK39454 Levant/Provin/  
Bernstein Cendraris

Greatest Hits

MYK36719 Bernstein/NY  
Philharmonic Beethoven—

Sym. #5/Schubert: Sym. #8

MYK36723 Bernstein/NY  
Philharmonic Tchaikovsky:

"1812 Overture"

MYK37238 Bernstein/NY  
Philharmonic Tchaikovsky:

"Nutcracker" and "Swan Lake"



The Reverend Green  
is sitting just off the altar  
with a Fender in his lap  
and the amp cranked  
up and if this wasn't Sunday  
you'd swear those were  
blues he's playing.

Yes, but nothing else sounds like *The Belle Album*, not in the ten years since it came out, not ever. You could hear a man's soul tearing itself in two, then knitting together again, larger and far finer. To make the record, Al Green had to part with his producer, his record company, his audience. He produced the album himself and played guitar, tart and crisp and clean guitar, guitar licks just like the ones he's messing with this afternoon in his hotel, guitar licks that squeeze time and take you home. "Belle was Mary," he says, watching his fingers where they rest on the strings.

And Mary, Mary Woodson, was a woman who was so very taken with the man Al Green was, she believed she couldn't live without him. She was already married, although Al has always said that he really never knew it. She proposed marriage to him one night, to the man who sang "Let's Slay Together," who sang "Let's Get Married" and "God Blessed Our Love" and so many songs, and after he turned her down he went and took a bath. She took a pot of boiling water—"It wasn't grits like they always say in all the stories, it was water boiling to fix grits"—and she threw it at him, scalded and burned and scarred him with it. Then she took her .38 pistol into the next room and there she died.

The water scarred his back but it may have saved his soul. "Belle," he sings, "It's you that I want but Him that I need" and the guitar is a reflection, the words a calm confession. If the Lord is at the front of his life and at the back too, if Jesus is his All in All, his All and All, if He, if He, He, He.

And words fail him, and the Spirit moves him, and his voice is triumphant. The storm has stilled, peace reigns. "It was Mary who told me first that I was going to be called," he says, "that I would have a ministry of my own." He pauses for a tiny sweet lick on his guitar, sweet and slim and pretty. "I laughed at her. She said I was called and I laughed at her and said 'Who, me?' "He laughs again just thinking about it a dozen years later. "She told me."

In an airplane on the way home to Memphis, the Reverend Green claps his hands at the sight of the California coastline falling away beneath his window, gives the Lord a round of applause for some

truly wonderful work. Smiling and thoughtful, the Reverend Green is reminded again of *The Belle Album*, of that same line from that same song, and of how much it meant. "That is the pivotal point right there. 'It's you that I want but it's Him that I need.' That was a statement that was given because it was given."

Reverend Green is a man given to mild ways of amusing himself in moments of leisure, holding his red rayon scarf over his face and flicking its tassels across his nose, chewing mints, gum, and peppermint Life Savers, elbow-nudging a fellow passenger when a good conversational point is delivered. He has a tendency to view his own past as someone else's, to see Al Green as though he were someone removed and remote from himself. "I don't know why he cut that record," he will say; "I don't understand why, as much money as he had, I don't know why he didn't go to any studio he wanted. I don't know what he was doin', I really don't understand. I think he did it out of the fact they told him it couldn't be done, and they told him that if he did do it, they told him the album wasn't gonna come out in the first place. I think it was a challenge for him more than anything else, and he did it in defiance. I think this is why he did it. I'm not sure. He did a lot of things I'm not sure why he did. I don't know why. Just brought a 8-track studio down, just rolled it in there on some wheels and plugged it in—I don't know why he done that. I don't understand. But it does not go without Mary."

Picking up an advance cassette of *Soul Survivor*, his newest album, he turns it over and over, admires the typed titles. "Now, this album relates to vintage Al Green because I don't hear nothin' else but Al Green and him chankin' on a guitar. If that ain't Al Green, I don't want to see it. That's him for real, without all the make up and the glamour and the beauty. That's him right there." He raps on the cassette's blank cover with his finger. "That is the very Al Green. Without all the cookies and candy. This is the very Al Green, right here in the overalls and bomber jacket, sittin' here playin' guitar on the floor." Asked if he can find any hits inside this cassette, he smiles deeply and points to one and another and another

continued on page 76

Mail coupon & sales receipt to: Sony Discman Offer  
P.O. Box 599, West Paterson, NJ 07424

OFFER CONDITIONS: Purchase any Sony Discman  
Portable CD Player between April 15, 1987 and July 15,  
1987 and you can claim 2 "Collector's Choice" Compact  
Discs and a Sony CPM-1 Car Cassette Adaptor FREE. Mail  
this coupon along with a copy of the dated sales receipt,  
and your choice of discs, during the promotion period, to  
the redemption address listed below. All claims must be  
postmarked before August 15, 1987. Please allow 4 to 6  
weeks for delivery. Offer void where prohibited by law.

Send these 2 CDs

Insert Code #  Insert Code #

Name

Address

City  State  Zip

**SONY**  
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

© 1987 Sony Corporation of America. Sony, Discman and  
The Leader in Digital Audio are trademarks of Sony.

# GLORY DAYS



With a platinum-bound LP and a sell-out tour, U2 have finally conquered America. But first they had to conquer the problem of being a political band in a country torn apart by politics.

Article by Colin Irwin

Photography by  
Anton Corbijn

Dublin's dockside area is pretty much like dockside areas the world over; you wouldn't put it high on your after-nightfall sightseeing list. All the same, it's the part of town that perennially inspires misty-eyed expatriates to stare into the bottom of their pint mugs and reminisce about the enigmatic character of aul' dirty Dublin. In a city swimming in romance—a historical sense of romance built on patriotism, literary genius, and draught Guinness—the dockside takes on an almost mythical importance.

U2 feel a special empathy for this place. Their studios—Windmill—nestle right in the heart of the docklands. Their business deals are struck and tours set up in the chic offices nearby that act as the central hub of the considerable U2 operation. And they drink in the pub adjacent to the waterfront, on first name terms with the bar staff; they unassumingly discuss the weather, last night's TV, and other such burning issues with the dock-

workers and local characters who frequent the pub.

Whatever happens—whatever happens—U2 always wind up back here. It's home, of course, but more than that, it's a sort of therapy. They came back here once, after a particularly triumphant tour of America, imagining that they were the kings of the world, that every right-thinking human being in the Western world was desperate for news of their daily progress. "Oh yeah?" said their mates in the pub, when they bounced in with gushing stories about their adventures, "all very interesting, but are youse gonna get a drink in or what?"

It works the other way too. They returned here after playing the Wembley leg of Live Aid in a state of abject depression. They didn't think they'd played well; they had to chop one song from their set because they'd spent far too long on the first two; and Bono, in particular, felt he'd blown U2's career entirely when he'd spontaneously leapt into the



audience to embrace a young girl. That moment, of course, turned out to be one of the most enduring images of Live Aid, a symbol of the whole event, but they didn't know it at the time and retired to their lair to lick their wounds and decide whether or not they had a future.

So when the regulars in this dockside pub queued up to slap them on the back and say the boys had done OK, something special had happened. When Irish eyes are smiling, they smile like no others.

I had been warned about U2. About Bono. His hospitality. His disarming modesty. His genial, reasoned reaction to criticism. His man-of-the-people persona.

opposite feeling. We were born out of that punk rock explosion. I was 16 in 1976 and in a punk band, and this idea of separating the artist from the audience was the antithesis of what the explosion was all about. I carried that with me, and I would end up in the audience as a result. But it was a big mistake. By doing it, it looked like a big star trip. It only happened because . . . well, we played in England in Milton Keynes in front of 50,000 people. It had been raining all day and the field was like an Irish bog. We went onstage and I thought, 'How can I possibly live up to this? Are we capable of playing the concert these people deserve? They deserve the best concert of our lives.' I can't answer those questions, I can't come to terms

topics. But there was a cost.

"For a few years I didn't know if I wanted to be in a band at all and we thought U2 might break up," says Bono. "It was after *Boy*, which I thought was a great album. I just lost interest. I had less of an interest in being in U2 and more of an interest in other sides of me. Whether I was talking to a Catholic priest in the inner city or a Pentecostal preacher, I was sucking up whatever they had to say. I was interested in that third-dimensional side of me, and I thought rock 'n' roll was a bit of a waste of time.

"I thought, OK, U2 were good at being a band, but maybe we could be better at doing other things, like getting involved in the inner city or something. We

## **"The time I spent in El Salvador and Nicaragua earlier this year showed me another side of America. The *Joshua Tree* is about that other side."**

Bono, I was told, is a professional nice guy. He seduces interviewers for breakfast. Don't be fooled, they said, don't be fooled.

Much of it turns out to be true. As soon as I arrive at U2's rehearsal studio, he bounds over, all smiles and pumping handshakes, thanking me for coming, offering tea, coffee, or something stronger. It's an unusual kind of greeting from a guy who could start a riot on the streets of London or New York. Is Bono really that paranoid about preserving his heroic public image?

"If I'm an icon," he says later, "I must be a very bad icon." That may be so, but the inescapable suspicion is that U2 have knowingly fueled their near-messianic standing. The stark, emotive images they use in their music, the white flag flying symbolically above them on stage, the ritualistic worship from their audience . . . and that's before we even think about Bono on stage, lost in his own excitement, crazed and irrational in his boots and blackness, hair flowing behind him as he leaps on P.A. stacks and lands among audiences like a dervish.

Bono grins ruefully at the accusation. He holds up his hand and says "guilty, guilty, GUILTY." If it's any consolation, the rest of the band are equally exasperated by his antics. They've sat him down and tried to talk him out of it, fearful that one day he'll snap a vertebra leaping from a stack or be mauled to death by the pack. I elicit a sort of promise from Bono that this sort of behavior won't ever happen again. The rest of the band groan when they hear of it. "The thing is," says The Edge, "Bono just can't help himself. Have you ever seen him when he comes offstage? He has a kind of glazed look on his face. He can't help himself. He's in another world."

"I always resented being on a stage," says Bono. "I always resented that barrier between us and the audience, and this led to that infamous gig in Los Angeles where I ended up falling off the balcony and a riot ensued and people could have got hurt. The band took me aside backstage and said, 'Look, you're a singer in a band. People in the audience understand the situation . . . you don't have to remind them all the time of the fact that U2 aren't stars to be worshipped. They already know that.'"

Bono's act of joining the audience was intended as a sign of parity, of oneness; in fact, it always had the opposite effect, suggesting a blessing from the Almighty and provoking more frenzy.

"Yeah, isn't that funny? I swear to God, that was the last thing on my mind. It came out of the exact

with it. So that sort of feeling has led me to exaggerated gestures onstage, but I've since decided words speak louder than actions. I've got to write words now and put actions behind me."

That's all very well, but while he's on the stand, we might as well have a go at the songs. Shock for dramatic effect is a useful tool of the songwriter, but U2 have made a fine art of it. Is such liberal use of emotive imagery not a little opportunistic?

"Oh the Irish are great dramatists. The English heard words and the Irish spend them. We're loose. Like James Brown . . . 'I'm a sex machine. . . . ' Now that's not subtle. On one level we're being accused of being too subtle, and on another, we're not subtle enough. On the new record I'm interested in a lot of primitive symbolism that's almost biblical. Some people choose to use red and some people choose turquoise. I like red. Some people like lavender. I'll take Miles Davis home with me, and he paints in purple.

"Sure, we arrived with placards in our hands—and bold placards—but that's not just what U2's all about. *Boy* wasn't like that, nor was *October*. It was simply one album—*War*—that was a reaction to the new romantic movement, the cocktail-set mentality, and deliberately we stripped our sound to bare bones and knuckles and three capital letters: W, A, R. We stand accused since then for one album. You could say the same thing about John Lennon, he went through a similar period, or Bob Dylan in his earlier work . . . "Masters Of War" and all that. It was just a period we went through."

Do you regret it now?

"No."

Yet still, there's a lurking unease. U2 is an Irish band. Which shouldn't make any difference, but in fact makes a world of difference. Their legacy is Van Morrison, Thin Lizzy, the Undertones, and a host of very fine traditional musicians. But it is also the history of a country torn apart by religious conflict and political war. The guidelines on this have been pretty clear. Any Irish band with half a chance caught the first available ferry to Liverpool and kept quiet about "the troubles."

"If you're writing songs," says Bono, "there are two things that you just don't write about—politics and religion. We write about both. No wonder we get into trouble."

And so U2 created a new mold. They stayed in Dublin, did everything on their own terms, and freely aired their confused state of mind on the forbidden

were teetering on the brink of collapse. So I thought, 'Well, if I am going to be in a band, then I'm gonna write about the things I want to write about.' Like *October* is about being caught up with faith, and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" is about hypocrisy.

"Everybody got that song wrong. Probably because I got that song wrong. I was trying to contrast Bloody Sunday with Easter Sunday, to point out that here was a war of religion, which was leading to bloodshed, based upon the dying of one man on a cross. That song has got us into so much trouble, and maybe it was because I didn't get it right.

"But I was at a point when I almost didn't care if "Sunday Bloody Sunday" blew up in our faces. Same with *October*. I just didn't care. I've since worked out that I'm a far better singer and songwriter, with all my failings, than I'd ever be as a social worker or some sort of polemicist. That's what I'm best at, and I've come to terms with this band. I want to be in this band. I think U2's unique and I think it's getting better. A lot of our contemporaries are getting worse, but U2's on the up. We literally started again with *Unforgettable Fire*. The *Joshua Tree* is another step, but if people think *The Joshua Tree* is a peak, they're wrong."

Misunderstood or not, the band's place in Irish folklore is well assured. These days almost every musical project of any significance in Dublin seems to involve or revolve around U2, be it Bono guesting on a hit single by the Donegal folk-pop group Clannad, or the disastrous Self Aid festival last summer, or the flood of new Dublin bands emerging in U2's wake, many of them sounding like U2 clones, and some of them signed to U2's own label, Mother.

In a country where half the population is under 25, it has even been suggested that Bono, young, sensible, charismatic, and articulate, should go into politics. For several years Irish politics have been a mess: the national debt is awesome, unemployment frightening, and the leadership keeps shifting between Charles Haughey (who has just regained power) and Garret FitzGerald. As the child of a mixed marriage (his father's Catholic and his mother, now dead, was Protestant), Bono would, in fact, have a wide non-sectarian appeal. This was apparently well understood by the Vatican, which recently invited him to meet the Pope. Bono said sure—as long as there was no publicity. "But that's the whole point!" declared a confused Vatican official. "In that case," Bono replied, "he can join the queue with the rest of the punters."

Bono did run into Garret FitzGerald, however, and



Andrew Collins

engaged him in a vigorous argument about unemployment. Later, FitzGerald contacted him and asked him to serve on a committee. Bono agreed, and then pulled out, feeling he was in danger of being used as a political weapon. But the two did meet up again on a social basis. Were they discussing Bono's political career? "No way. We were talking about T.S. Eliot. We didn't talk about politics too much. The problem with voting is that no matter who you vote for, the government always gets in."

The Joshua tree grows in deserts, an oasis of vegetation in barren lands. It also has religious significance, though Bono is reluctant to explain it. "I'd be walking into a trap if I spelled it out," he says, grinning. The desert, anyway, is an enduring symbol throughout the album. "A symbol," says Bono, "of both the positive and negative, the sort of thing you should think about, but not talk about."

The *Joshua Tree* is quite different from any previous U2 LP. For one thing, the band wrote songs for it—real songs with beginnings, middles, and endings, with

lyrics that weren't thrown together in the studio between takes. Forever plagued by self-doubt, Bono was wretchedly depressed before its release. At one point, he contemplated calling the pressing plants to stop production because he suddenly had a blind panic that the record wasn't up to scratch. All doubts have since disappeared: the record has become one of the fastest-selling LPs of all time in Europe, entered the American charts at No. 7, and Bono can almost bear to listen to his own voice at last.

"There's a side of me I can't work out. I can't really work out why anyone would buy a U2 record. When I listen to it I just hear all the mistakes. It's a shame because we've made a few good records. But I just can't listen to them. Sometimes when we're on the road, Adam [Clayton] goes through periods where he almost locks himself into a room for a few days and plays the records, and I hear them under his floor, but mostly I think the instrumentation is good or the way the group has played is good. But I don't like the way I've sung on any of the records."

"I don't think I'm a good singer, but I think I'm

getting to be a good singer. On *Unforgettable Fire* I think something broke in my voice, and it's continuing to break on *The Joshua Tree*, but there's much, much more in there. See, I'm loosening up as a person, about my position in a rock 'n' roll band, but for years I really wasn't sure who I was, or who U2 were, or really if there was a place for us. People say U2 are self-righteous, but if ever I pointed a finger, I pointed it at myself. I was defensive about U2, therefore I was on the attack. When I hear U2 records, I hear my voice, and I hear an uptightness. I don't hear my real voice."

"A lot of it has to do with writing words on the spot, making them up as I go along. But Chrissie Hynde said to me, 'If you want to sing the way I think you want to sing and the way you can sing, then write words that you can believe in.' I've never done that. I was literally writing the words as I was doing the vocals. I thought writing words was almost old-fashioned. A hippie thing to do. I thought what I was doing in sketching away was . . . Iggy Pop had done it and he was a bit of a hero. I thought that as soon as I had a pen in my hand I was dangerous."

The words he's written for *The Joshua Tree* mostly concern America. New musical attitudes and the newfound desire to write songs as opposed to sounds led U2 to look beyond the McDonald's mentality and dig into the roots of American music, of blues and soul and gospel and R&B and country. Bono tells of being amazed at watching Keith Richards at a piano playing gospel music. And when T. Bone Burnett handed Bono a guitar and asked him casually to play a U2 song, he felt he couldn't do it because The Edge wasn't around. He determined to find some roots.

"I am one in a long line of Irishmen who have taken the boat or plane to America. At an early age I opened up to America, or America opened up to U2, and I love to be in the U.S. I love the people and the wide open spaces and the deserts, the mountains, even the cities of America. American people are very open-minded, and there's a willingness to trust in them that can be manipulated by a man like Ronald Reagan. A dangerous man."

"I didn't have stars in my eyes, but the time I spent in El Salvador and Nicaragua earlier this year showed me another side of America. The way American foreign policy is affecting the farmworkers of Salvador or Nicaragua was something I felt I had to write about. I suppose *The Joshua Tree* is about that other side of America. People will accuse us of biting the hand that feeds, but if that's the case, then we've got to bite it."

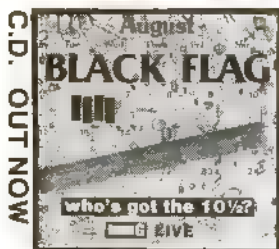
Although the album covers a wide terrain, its key track is perhaps "Bullet the Blue Sky," a specific reaction to Bono's recent visit to Central America. "It was awful," he says. "I wrote the song out of the fear I felt there. San Salvador looks like an ordinary city. You see McDonald's, you see children with school books, you see what looks like a middle-class environment until you go 25 miles out of the city and see the peasant farmers. I was on my way to a village when troops opened fire above our heads. They were just flexing their muscles. It scared the shit out of me. I literally felt quite sick."

Bono talks a whole lot more that night in dear dirty Dublin. About U2 fans—they range from Muhammad Ali to Desmond Tutu—his adoration of everything Martin Luther King stood for, and, most urgently, his desire to become a great singer. "My heroes are Van Morrison and Janis Joplin on the one hand, Scott Walker and Elvis Presley on the other. Where I'm at now is trying to work the two together. The other interesting thing is that all the people who inspired me when I was growing up had the same confusions about faith and fear of faith: Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, Patti Smith, Al Green, Marvin Gaye, all of them. This has been a real encouragement. And as a result of being more relaxed about who I am, I'm opening up more. . . ."

He certainly is. Later that night he calls my hotel to make sure I haven't been mugged on the way back. **2**



# BLACK FLAG



SET 060 BLACK FLAG: Who's Got the 10%? (LP/CASS \$7.99 CD \$15.99)



SET 045 BLACK FLAG: In My Head (LP/CASS \$7.99 CD \$15.99)



SET 055 BLACK FLAG: Love Hat (LP/CASS \$7.99)



SET 029 BLACK FLAG: Slip It In (LP/CASS \$7.99)



SET 033 BLACK FLAG: My War (LP/CASS \$7.99 CD \$15.99)



SET 007/2 BLACK FLAG: Damaged/Joshua Again (CD \$15.99)

SET 007 BLACK FLAG: Damaged (LP/CASS \$7.99)

SET 001 BLACK FLAG: Annihilate This Week! (12" 45 \$8.99)

SET 007 BLACK FLAG: The Process of Working Out (12" 45/CASS \$7.99)

SET 021 BLACK FLAG: The First Four Years (CASS \$7.99 CD \$15.99)

SET 015 BLACK FLAG: Everything Went Black (2xLP/CASS \$8.99 CD \$15.99)

SET 068 BLACK FLAG: Joshua Again (12" 45 \$5.99)

MADE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE IN U.S. FUNDS TO  
SET RECORDS, P.O. BOX 1, LAWRENCE, CA 94028

AL GREEN from page 66

after that. He points to every song but one, and then he includes that one too.

The music that Al Green made in the years before *The Belle Album* shows no sign of aging, no sign that a time will ever come when it won't feel perfectly right. It's pastoral music, always cool and sweet. Al was raised up in the country, on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi, the son of a preacher. There is country in his music, there are Hank Williams and Willie Nelson songs on his old albums, but there isn't one of his songs, not one of the hits that filled the dance floors through the first half of the '70s, that doesn't somehow suggest just a trace of mud between the toes.

Reverend Green can't help but laugh and laugh when he considers the wonder of his songwriting. "Cause if you start with 'Call Me,' for instance, you start with 'What a beautiful time we had together.' " He spreads it out flat and simple. " 'Now it's gettin' late, and we must leave each other. But remember the times we had. And how right I tried to be. It's all in a day's work. Call me.' " And then he giggles and giggles like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

By Sunday, the Reverend Green is back in church, back at Full Gospel Tabernacle, just a mile or so down Elvis Presley Boulevard from Graceland. There is nothing monumental or magnificent about Full Gospel, although like everything else in Memphis, it has a portable Rent-a-Sign marquee out front, with black plastic letters listing the hours of worship services. There is a scroll painted on one of the walls behind the altar that says "Let God Be Magnified." A painting in back shows lily-pure souls rising to Jesus from out of graveyards, from office buildings, from cars crashed on a freeway and driven into the water, and from a Volkswagen van that has been crushed in a collision with an 18-wheel tractor-trailer rig.

It's gathering dark outside and windy cold when the six o'clock prayer meeting and Bible study class is close to commencing. The Reverend Green is sitting just off the altar with his guitar player's Fender in his lap and the amp cranked up, and if this wasn't Sunday evening in Full Gospel Tabernacle, you'd swear those

**He's gathering up the spirit to say one small and simple thing that will last, that will hang in the air a hundred years.**

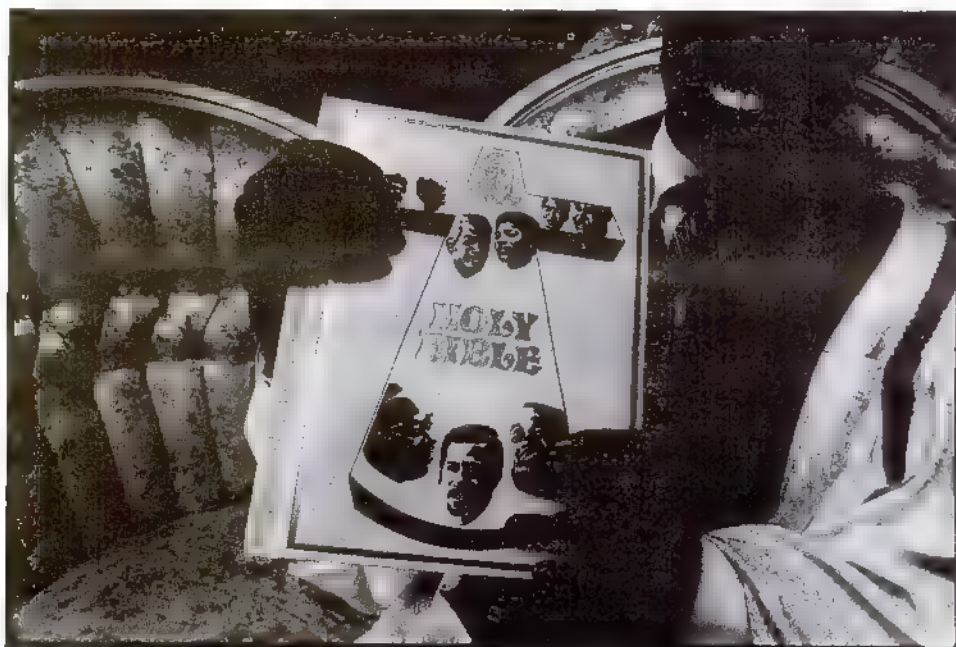
were blues he was playing. He fingers a few of those mean, mean little obbligatos, those rippling arpeggios, laughs, and goes off to mess with the organ.

When all the ladies are in the pews, there can't be more than 20 in attendance. What is it that would make a man lay down a singing career that showed no sign of stopping, a man who had thousands of women battling to grab the red roses he threw them from the stage—what would make a man lay it all down to pick up a Bible and preach a Sunday night meeting that is hard-pressed to total two dozen?

The Lord's Prayer starts the meeting, and a hymn is lifted. Things are settling in—this will be a long night—when one of the ladies asks her pastor if maybe they can sing one more, one she needs to hear. Her mama's health is failing, she feels like her mama may pass, and she's worried and troubled in mind.

"Will you lead us?" the Reverend asks her.

The song's motion is slow and it rolls along deep. She starts it and he joins it and the other ladies are there too, slow and deep. It's graceful and mighty and the ladies lean on one another's voices the way tall trees lean in the wind. Two choruses, three choruses, and then the Holy Spirit is joined, the Holy Ghost stirs the hymn, and the song grows too tall to go over, grows too low to get under. It speaks all language and the woman who called for it is sobbing, screaming, praising God, wiping her eyes with a yellow tissue. Another woman stands, so close to falling out, so close, and thanks her Jesus, thanks her Jesus. The Reverend is with them, and in this moment his voice, his wonderful voice, is one of many.



### An open-and-shut case for great music.

Don't let its unassuming dimensions fool you. True, the new Sony Discman® D-10 is the smallest and lightest CD player you can find. But surprisingly, it

The right  
choice at  
home.



comes packed with features you'd expect to find only in full-sized models. In fact, with 21-track selection programmability, 4 repeat modes and optional remote control, the D-10 performs splendidly as the centerpiece of your home stereo system.

But when you're as portable as a Discman, it's tough to stay put for long. Which is why it comes with a rechargeable battery for up to 4½ hours of digital music on

the go. There are even optional accessories that can make Discman an integral part of your car stereo system.

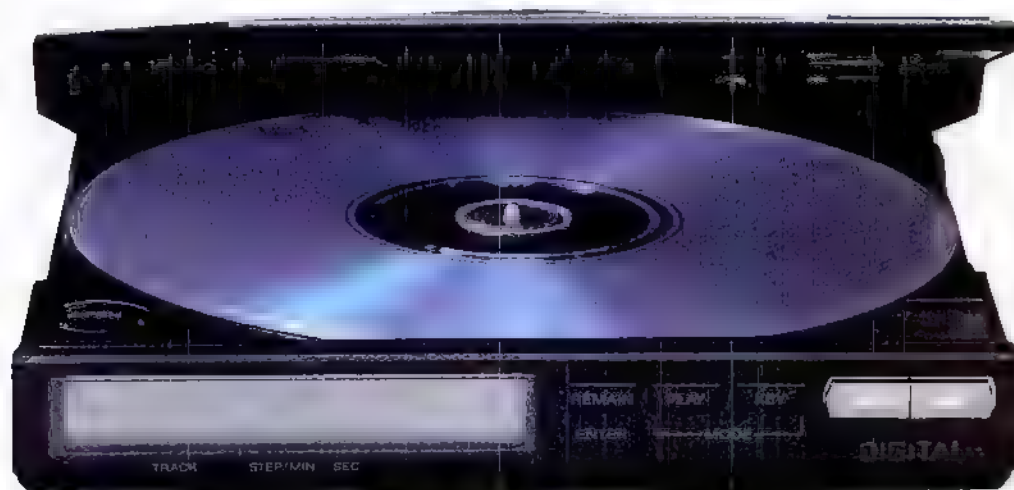
Whether you choose the D-10 or any new Sony Discman, one thing is certain. You get the most advanced CD player technology available today. For at Sony, we not only created the world of Compact Disc, we keep making it bigger and better. Even when we make it smaller.

**DISCMAN  
ON  
BOARD!**

Right at home  
in your car.

## Discman SONY®

THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™



## Never has a compact disc player with so much going for it



## kept such a low profile.



# CROWDED HOUSEWARMING



Braving the elements  
with a near-perfect pop band from  
Down Under. And  
we don't mean Men At Work.

Article by Robert Lloyd

**W**e're in Daytona Beach, Florida. It's Spring Break and MTV is in town, taking advantage of an influx of marauding frat boys. You can see them up and down the promenade, flirting, hooting their car horns, running down to meet the steel-gray waves of the Atlantic Ocean. A little farther down the coastline, past the giant inflatable Spuds MacKenzie, between two giant inflatable bottles of Budweiser, a stage has been erected, obscuring the quaint old municipal bandstand. From here, a series of concerts and "live remotes" are being broadcast by MTV. Wang Chung and Bruce Hornsby have appeared, and the Beastie Boys are flying in on the weekend with some contest winner in tow. Other contest winners are already here. The only thing that's notably absent is the sun; the air is warm but, as always, very, very wet.

Inside a seafront motel room, as an air conditioner rattles and groans, Gary Stamler, the American manager of a South Pacific pop band, is on the telephone. "Neil? Neil!" he barks. "Number seven! With a bullet! And next week is going to be even better." The other end of this conversation is inaudible. But what it is that's number seven with a bullet, and about to be even better, is "Don't Dream It's Over," the first single from the first album by Crowded House. Potent, seductive, and as intelligent and heartfelt as it is commercial, the song has opened doors. It's selling albums, it's selling tickets, it's getting the video played, it's getting the name around. It's the main reason the band was asked to perform here, and it's the reason why, even in Daytona Beach, Gary Stamler's phone does not stop ringing.

"The activity surrounding this band is incredible," he says. "Twenty-four hours a day. And in November, nothing was happening." Now they've visited with Joan, and with Jane and Bryant, they're slated for Johnny, and MTV has bumped them into the headliner's spot, over 'til Tuesday and KBC. There's a photographer from *Rockbill* asking for a moment of their time. *US* is sending someone down. Sting recently came to meet them. And now it's your turn.

Neil Finn, the band's 28-year-old singer, guitarist, and songwriter, is looking out

from his motel balcony toward a veiled horizon. The smell of breakfast wafts from below, while on the foggy beach, determined young vacationers strive to have a good time. "It's like they've got their own little world, surrounded by the haze," he muses. "They're down here to party, to fight for their right to party." Meanwhile, airplanes trace across the sullen skies, towing bulletins that read: "All-Male Revue," "Wet T-Shirt Competition," and "Free Drinks, 7-Eleven."

Neil grew up in the small New Zealand country town of Te Awamutu. "We have TV, microwaves, videos," he explains, "but it's just a few years behind—in a good way. There's not that same air of competitiveness that you get here. People want to be successful, but there's a cynicism about it that's quite healthy."

In 1972, Neil's big brother Tim formed Split Enz. Neil joined on guitar in 1978. Though the band had a 12-year run, their success away from home was marginal. In America it went no further than the 1980 mini-hit "I Got You." "It leaves you feeling that you were good enough for Australia and New Zealand but not for the rest of the world," Neil says, "and it makes the career you do have seem kind of a consolation prize. But it's not that simple, because a lot of bands that should have made it here just never got the chance."

Tim Finn eventually quit to go solo, but Neil stayed on through the 1984 farewell tour, writing some of the band's better-known songs. A few have survived into Crowded House, as has Paul Hester, Split Enz' last drummer. Bassist Nick Seymour came into the picture when he accosted Neil at a party and "forced himself on us." Demos were recorded, and shipped not in Australia but in America. Capitol Records made them an offer they didn't want to refuse. "It sure as hell beat spending five years in a transit van beating up and down the highways of Australia, only to find you had to wait a year to get your record released anywhere else."

A boat comes drifting along the oceanfront, flashing an electronic message from the Daytona Mall. "Dress . . . For . . . Success," Neil reads aloud, laughing. "Yeah! Brilliant!"

Crowded House (L-R) Neil Finn, Nick Seymour, and Paul Hester.

# American Originals

Bob Pfeifer After Words



ANGRY SAMOANS



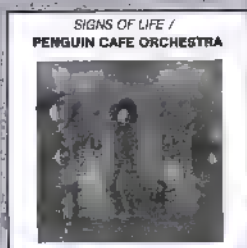
THE FIENDS



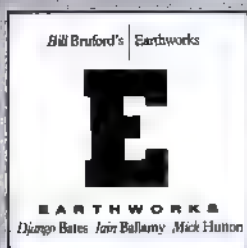
GYNECÖLOGY

On Demand Records  
Cassette and Compact Disc

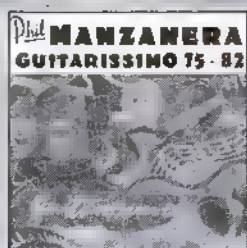
In the beginning...  
there was Editions EG.



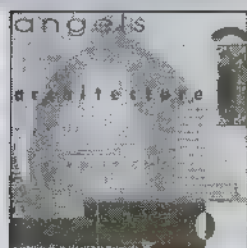
EGED 50



EGED 48



EGLP 69



EGED 47



EGED 49

15 years of creating  
a sound all their own!

Editions  
EG



**"In Split Enz, everybody had an animal to describe his personality. Neil was the ant. To a large degree, he still is very antish."**

The LP *Crowded House* was recorded in Los Angeles, with Mitchell Froom producing and contributing keyboards. Neil gives him a lot of the credit for the record's feel, which is much more soulful and warm than the music of Split Enz, burdened to the end with a certain art-rock iciness. While recording, the band set up crowded housekeeping at the base of the Hollywood Hills. This arrangement not only gave them a name but also allowed them to get to know one another better.

This is what Neil learned about Nick: "Nick likes to experience everything that's going on. He hates missing out on anything. I couldn't handle giving myself to that many situations. It would exhaust me. Rather than go out every night, I'll go back to my room and just listen to a tape or read a book, 'cause I like having my own time. But Nick is willing to give himself to anybody who comes along. He had L.A. sussed within three weeks. It's different paths to the same knowledge—Nick's path is to experience everything, get to know everybody."

And this is what Nick discovered about Paul: "I think he has a major chemical imbalance. He's always at extremes. He has his totally over-the-top, very funny, intense periods, but when he's really down, everybody has to suffer with him. He'll jump to conclusions, be really paranoid, really tense. But he's remarkable when he's on the ball. He can keep an audience totally entertained. He's a very good character actor—he can get caricatures down very quickly. He can be really funny taking people off. I don't think he likes touring. He's domestic. He likes his space, and his tea, and his cleaning utensils. His vacuum, his freshly laundered tea towels, his clean kitchen surfaces."

And this is what Paul has to say about Neil: "In Split Enz, everybody had an animal to describe his personality. Neil was the ant. To a large degree, he still is very antish. Like, 'Where's the stage?' There it is. 'Right!' And he'll march straight onto it. He's a real noble sort of musician, Neil. I can imagine him as a knight or something. He can't sleep or

relax if some one little thing is bugging him, until he nuts it out. He'll come to you and talk it over. Make an apology if he thinks it's due, or tell people off, but in a fair way. And he's the eternal songwriter. It's in his blood. His mum's like that. Neil's always striving to do the right thing. But then, you know, he likes to be a tear-ass, too, go crazy. Because he suppresses a lot of things, and people like that have an incredible explosive point. But he's a true believer, that's the best thing."

The true believer is taking his medicine, a milky-brown mixture of lemon, garlic, ginger, and honey, enlivened by a dash of unprescribed gin. This is rumored to be good for the voice. One would say it had better be. On the other side of the outdoor stage, 'til Tuesday have finally gone off, predictably later than predicted, as the rain continues and the wind comes up. The giant inflatable bottles toss in their moorings. Back in the crowded dressing van, Paul Hester is ironing his shirt and talking to Tracy, an affable young security guard who stands just inside the door.

"Fuckin' hell, Tracy. How am I gonna get through today? How am I gonna make it?" he mock pleads, then unexpectedly explodes, "Don't look at me like that, ya fuckin' bastard! I WANNA NEW SECURITY GUY!" He slams the wall hard—*pam!*—and Tracy jack-

rabbits out of the trailer.

"That was a little too real," someone says.

"Well," chirps Paul, "we can turn off the iron now."

Tracy pokes his head tentatively inside, out of the wet.

"Sorry, Tracy," says Paul. "We must be real bad motherfuckers, eh? To scare the security guys off? Aren't we like bad? Aren't we like nasty?"

Aimee Mann, 'til Tuesday's bushy-blond lead singer, drops by. "Did you get any electric shocks up there?" Neil asks her.

"No," she says, "but it's wet. You'll get wet. It seems to be raining harder than when we were on. Have a good set. I think you guys are great. You're the only band I like in the world."

MTV had predicted, *promised*, an audience of tens of thousands, but by the time *Crowded House* take the stage, late in the afternoon, the crowd has dwindled to a very determined couple of hundred, not counting a score or so of rain-jacketed, severely understimulated policemen. Waves rise, stubbornly roll in from out of the cooling mist. Someone is surfing. A hamburger stand is shuttered, hooked to a truck and hauled away. No one onstage will look back on this as a Great Day in the History of Pop. But from the benches, a dozen rows of which are covered with sop-



ping, bopping, Daytona-partyin' teens-and-older, none of that matters. There's goodwill to spare, from both sides of the cyclone fence that separates band from public. Against the odds, and the elements, a generous spontaneity is asserted. And if all player and listener might hold in common is a love of this music—this often glorious, emotionally familiar pop music—well, what the hell else can anyone reasonably ask? Except for maybe an autograph.

"Now," says Paul Hester, back in his room at the end of this exceptionally long day. "I'm going to make you a real cup of tea. I make it with proper tea leaves. And it brews in a pot. And it has fresh milk."

Paul's girlfriend Mardi is here, reading in bed. "Our room becomes like a little home," he continues, "especially when we're together. Nick is always having a go at me and Mardi for not going out and partying on. And yet when we come back to our room, we usually have the most fun of the day. We have card games, and we have social sort of nights with the crew. It's really neat. There's nothing colder than being alone in a hotel room, and you can just feel for like a mile around you every room is the same. It's the irony of touring. You spend so much time in those places, and what you're really about is trying to be entertaining and artistic and exciting. Like a circus coming to town. You have to take that with you all the time. And the environment's really against that."

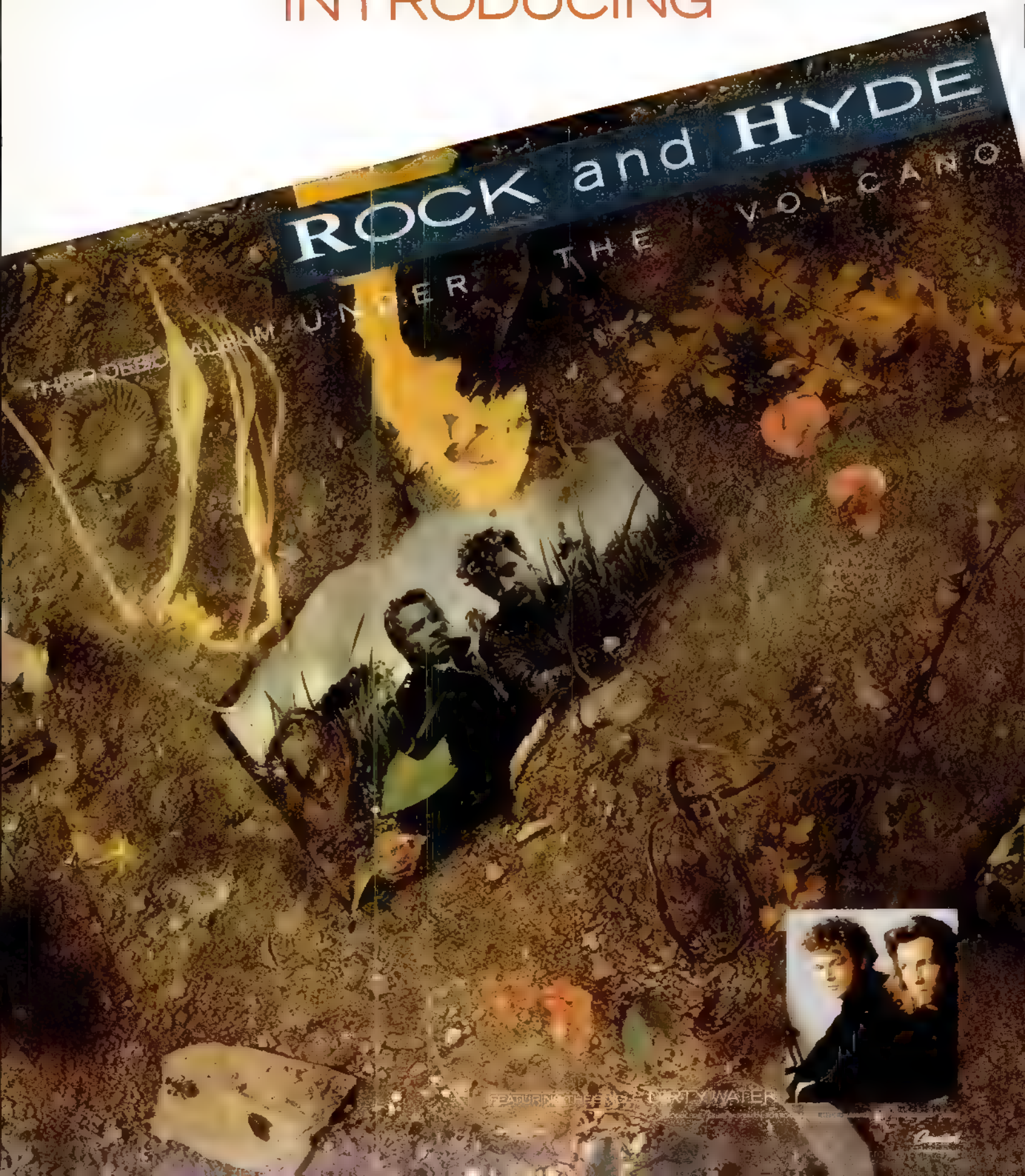
"We were sitting in a room in Minneapolis two weeks ago with all these people around us, and it was only two years ago that Neil and me got in a plane and traveled around the world with our little cassette, wondering what the fuck would happen. And here we were in this room with our record company, and our agent, and our managers, Australian and American, and our record producer, our tour managers and crew, having this big meeting. And I was thinking about how we brought all these people together. I felt pretty good about everyone. It was extraordinary."



INTRODUCING

# ROCK and HYDE

THEIR DEBUT ALBUM UNDER THE VOLCANO



FEATURING THE NEW COUNTRY WATER

ROCK and HYDE





According to legend, Colonel Tom Parker once told a bitter Jerry Lee Lewis that he could've made them both a million dollars from the controversy surrounding the "Killer's" marriage to his 13-year-old second cousin. There's never been anything like a good scandal to put money in a musician's pocket. But in a business as incestuous and cautious as country music has become, the idea that a man could go out of his way to insult its most powerful men and then parlay the attendant controversy into a No. 1 album, hit singles, and industry awards would seem impossible. Dwight Yoakam has done all this.

And in the process, he's launched a crusade to rescue honky-tonk country music from 15 years of strings, overproduction, and upscale condescension.

Growing up in southeastern Kentucky and, later, in the Ohio Valley, Dwight Yoakam listened to country roadhouse boogie mixed with bits of Bakersfield, Texas, and Appalachia. Early on, his dad played him recordings by Elvis, Stonewall Jackson, and Lefty Frizzell. He heard Buck Owens and Merle Haggard, Ray Price ("before he turned into Tony Bennett") and what he calls "high George Jones." He wrote his first song, about Vietnam, before he was 10. When he was 20 or 21, he packed up his guitar and his country songs and set off for Nashville to land a recording contract.

Only Nashville wasn't buying. Yoakam kept moving, all the way to L.A., where he could hole up, write his material, and play it for kids who were going apeshit for Black Flag, X, and the Circle Jerks.

He released an EP of the songs he'd brought to Nashville on a small indie label. Still bitter over his recent rejection, Dwight accused the polyester-vested Nashville execs of poisoning country music.

He accused Jimmy Bowen, president of MCA Nashville, of turning down the EP because it wouldn't earn Bowen any production royalties, and he claimed Chet Atkins single-handedly destroyed country music in the '60s. He called Lee Greenwood the Tony Orlando and Dawn of C&W, and said Alabama ought to be forever locked away in a Ramada Inn. He even ragged the guy who would later hand him his first gold LP, Jim Ed Norman, president of Warner Nashville. Of course he had a point. But he wasn't making any friends. His EP fizzled in obscurity.

Outside of Nashville, he was doing a little better. Bands like the Blasters and Los Lobos offered him opening tour slots, and he hit the road. He wound up flying cross-country to play second billing at New York's Irving Plaza to an empty house. Some wise guy advised him to duck out of sight for 20 minutes to let the house fill up. It didn't. And when Dwight returned, they told him to cut his set in half. Yoakam blew up and refused to play. He threw a tantrum, hurling furniture, and wound up miserable, low and mean, nearly fetal on the floor. But he went on to play a tough-as-nails set to a crowd of around 25. Making friends was still not his strong suit.

In November 1985, he signed with the newly reanimated Reprise records. The label took his original EP, added four tunes, hand tinted the cover photos, and threw its promotional machinery into

Nashville told Dwight Yoakam his stuff didn't cut it. Then his album went to No. 1. Now, as Yoakam strikes with his second LP, Nashville has to deal with a real country artist.

# THE OUTLAW DWIGHT YOAKAM

Article by Henry Beck





high gear behind it. *Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc., Etc.* hit No. 1 on the country charts.

To date, the LP has sold over 600,000 copies and spawned three singles, two of which reached the country Top 5, selling over 350,000 units between them. This is, well, kind of amazing for a real country record. Actually it is phenomenal.

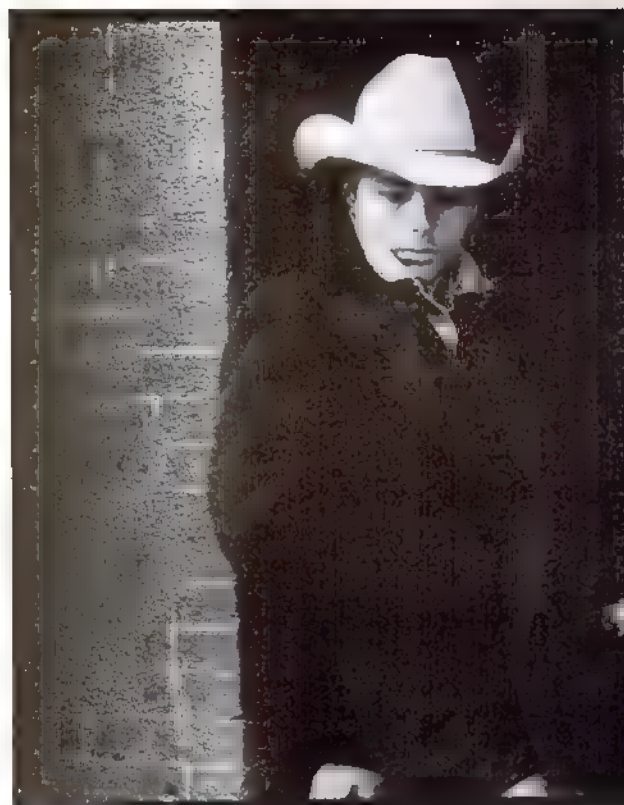
Even more remarkable is that the record has succeeded with no support from radio. According to Yoakam, the single "It Won't Hurt," which stalled in the lower parts of the Top 40, actually outsold the No. 1 record at the time. "But the *Billboard* charts reflect radio play, not sales or jukebox play," Yoakam says. "The radio people saw the record as being too country. I think we're still fighting a battle with corporate radio. We broke down some barriers, but not all of them. They're afraid of losing or offending even one listener, and that's crazy, 'cause you're gonna offend somebody by just turning the power on in the morning."

"I think radio people are looking at me and saying, 'Is this guy for real? Am I going to risk my station and my playlist on this guy who shoots off his mouth and may not be here in six months?'"

As the record gained momentum, Yoakam played the usual intermittent gigs. Then, in April 1986, Yoakam and his Babylonian Cowboys—guitarist/producer Pete Anderson, fiddler Brantley Kearns, bassist J.D. Foster, and drummer Jeff Donovan—took off for a solid seven-month tour of the States and Europe. And the press followed, letting Dwight unleash a second barrage of anti-Nashville bile.

But then the press got hold of a second story, the story of a rivalry between Yoakam and Steve Earle and Randy Travis, the three new outlaws of country music. Relations were already strained between Yoakam and Earle; Earle lived in Nashville and took

**"I'm not trying to expand the horizons of the form, its perimeters; I'm trying to maintain its artistic integrity."**



# Pro quality sound is easy with a new ATUS Stereo Mixer!

Mix microphones, tape recorders, CD players, turntables, video recorders, amplified musical instruments, AM/FM tuners in stereo

Special "talkover" control automatically lowers music level for voice announcements

Easy-to-read professional style VU meters

Five-bank graphic equalization for each output channel available

Deluxe models include echo/reverb

Handy headphone "cue" circuit for each input

**atus**™

Distributed exclusively by  
Audio-Technica U.S., Inc.  
1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, OH 44224

AM300E

Get more sound value with a new ATUS mixer. Four models available from leading dealers everywhere. Write for list and catalog today.





Fran Vogel

Yoakam's harangues to heart. But according to Dwight, the rivalry was trumped up. "It's the label executives who are covering their own interests in competing with other labels' products, and Steve and Randy and I have determined that we're not going to be the victims of their competition. It only does a disservice to us for these third parties to put us head-to-head, because I think we're different. I'm not trying to do what Steve's trying to do. I'm not trying to expand the horizons of the form, its perimeters; I'm trying to maintain its artistic integrity. The difference between Steve and me is like the difference between, say, Robert Cray and Stevie Ray Vaughan: the difference between an originator and a perpetuator.

"The best thing that happened is Steve and I talked," Yoakam says. "I think he misunderstood what I was saying. It wasn't directed at Steve or the people in Nashville, and a lot of people don't understand that I'm using Nashville as a term to discuss, collectively, the recording industry in Nashville, not some guy running a 7-Eleven. I think Steve understands now that I'm sincerely concerned about the music and that's all, and that what I said was never directed against him. 'Cause Steve is one of the good things about Nashville.

"Randy and Steve and I will all distinguish ourselves from each other, just like Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis did."

With the press in tow, Yoakam arrived in England in August 1986. He gave Andy Gill of the *New Musical Express* an especially outspoken interview that earned the headline "Kicking the Horseshit out of Nashville." When he got back home, he found out that every living person in Nashville knew the piece by heart, and once again, he had not made any friends. In fact, Dwight claims CBS was threatening

to sue because he called CBS Nashville president Richard Blackburn a prick for firing Johnny Cash. "Well, if you don't want the murder rap, then don't bludgeon somebody over the head with a baseball bat," Yoakam counters. "Blackburn wanted to dump on Johnny Cash, but then he doesn't want anybody to say anything about it. See, I grew up listening to Cash, and fans are emotionally connected to the people they're fans of."

Dwight admits the *NME* article hurt him in Nashville. "I'm not exactly your favorite dinner guest down there." With his success, he has made an effort to be more polite, less outspoken. Recently, he admitted, "I've learned to edit my own profanity. I'm not out here to offend people by jerking my pants down and mooning the audience. But I will never back down from what I believe in. I would like to start concentrating on the good things about Nashville, like the Grand Ole Opry, the Country Music Association, and the Country Music Foundation, but nobody wants to print me sayin' this, 'cause it ain't sensationalized bullshit copy."

On *Hillbilly Deluxe*, his new LP, Dwight reaffirms his commitment to real country. He covers Lefty Frizzell's "Always Late," Stonewall Jackson's "Smoke Along the Tracks," and Elvis's "Little Sister." And he adds his own Merle-ish tune, a Buck Owens-type song, a drinking song (though Dwight himself neither drinks, smokes, nor eats meat), and a hillbilly anthem.

Who knows what's next? In April, Dwight Yoakam accepted the Academy of Country Music award for best new male artist. He accepted it in the spirit of one who thought he'd blown any shot at such an honor, and in his speech he subtly apologized for shooting his mouth off so goddamn much. It was kinda sad to see the surly sucker go.

Suzanne  
Vega  
Solitude  
Standing



**THE SINGER IS SUZANNE VEGA. THE ALBUM IS SOLITUDE STANDING. THE MUSIC IS UNFORGETTABLE.**

The *New York Times* called her "the strongest, most decisively shaped song-writing personality to come along in years." Lofty praise indeed, but nearly a million people who bought Suzanne Vega's debut album or attended one of her sold out concerts agreed.

The second album is always the test, though. With *Solitude Standing*, Suzanne Vega has clearly established herself as one of the most original and acclaimed talents to emerge in a long, long time.

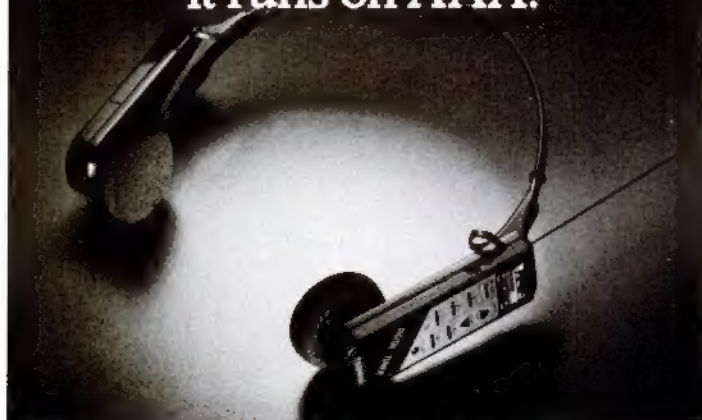
**SOLITUDE STANDING, THE NEW ALBUM. MUSIC AS UNEXPECTED AS IT IS UNFORGETTABLE; FROM SUZANNE VEGA.**



On AM Records. Compact Discs and BASF Chrome Tape  
© 1987 AM Records, Inc. All Rights Reserved



It has the features  
of a digital car radio and  
it runs on AAA.

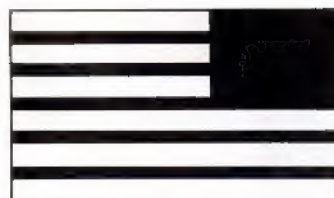


It's awesome. With precise, digital synthesized tuning. 10 station presets. Up-down channel selector. And an impressive 15MW of power per channel as standard equipment. Yet it runs on one little AAA battery. It's all packed into a compact chassis so light, it feels as if it were part of you. The Toshiba RP-2066. The ultimate street machine.

In Touch with Tomorrow

**TOSHIBA**

Toshiba America, Inc., 52 Triton Road, Wayne, NJ 07470



Like Hugh Hefner and his crowd, whom Beatty moved with in the '60s, he started the decade dead from the waist up. He ended it polished with the high sheen of social concern, like the rest of the cocaine cowboy commies of the canyons.

ANTIHERO from page 61

in 32-year-old Leslie Caron's divorce. His career as a household face's plaything was complete, and he was all set to become a household face (and then some) himself.

The penny-ante can never resist profundity, as that sentence shows; the brain-dead yearn to be born-again intellectuals. Like Hugh Hefner and his crowd, whom Beatty came to move with in the '60s—O'Neal, Nicholson, Dern, Polanski, Roberts Evans and Towne, Hopper, Caan, Gould—he had started the decade dead from the waist up. He ended it polished with the high sheen of social concern, though, like the cocaine cowboy commies of the canyons who realized it looked much more chic to be a laid-back liberal—"Come and take it, you poor Okies! I can always make more!"—than an uptight what-I-have-I-hold reactionary. Politics for them was as attractive and casual as the new dance craze. Unfortunately Warren Beatty had two left feet.

THEY WERE YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, AND THEY KILLED PEOPLE, screamed the advertising catchline of *Bonnie and Clyde*, Beatty's first baby. Well, two out of three isn't bad; they were young, absolutely hideous, and they killed people, 18 of the quaint, old-fashioned things, mostly working menials. Under the healing hands of Beatty, however, these two psychopaths were turned into two bona fide 1967 Beautiful People. It would be interesting to know if the Manson Gang of nearby Death Valley, frequent guests at California parties on the cusp of glamour and the gutter, saw the film, heard the slogan, and thought of themselves in the same mold when they killed the young actress Sharon Tate (a friend of the Beatty set) and six others in the last summer of the '60s. They were certainly no uglier than Bonnie and Clyde, though perfectly repellent; they were literally *not half as bad*—only seven deaths as opposed to 18. Yet no film would show them as sensitive, poetry-writing young bloods; and if someone did, Warren Beatty and all would have been appalled. Because Bonnie and Clyde only killed ordinary people, film fans, whereas Sharon Tate was one of THEM, and therefore precious. After the Tate murders the Hollywood film brats showed much less enthusiasm for making psychopaths the heroes of their films.

The hypocrisy of *Bonnie and Clyde* seemed hard to beat; but Beatty managed it, with *Shampoo* in 1975. Set in



## LEARN THE ART OF RECORDING



LEARN CREATIVE RECORDING SKILLS ON THE LATEST EQUIPMENT, FROM THE LEADING "HANDS ON" TRAINING PROGRAM FOR SOUND ENGINEERS, PRODUCERS AND STUDIO MUSICIANS. WITH OR WITHOUT PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT A CAREER IN MUSIC, OUR INTENSIVE, SIX WEEK PROGRAM CAN GET YOU STARTED AND PUT YOU AHEAD. FOR FREE BROCHURE, PLEASE CALL OR WRITE TODAY.

THE RECORDING WORKSHOP  
455-S MASSIEVILLE ROAD, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO 45601  
(800) 848-9900 (614) 663-2544

OHIO STATE BOARD OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE REGISTRATION #80-07-0696T



**T**he Reverend Styron Mukes, assistant strength coach of the Oral Roberts University varsity basketball team talks about the scandals that have rocked the world of evangelism.

**SPIN:** Reverend, a lot has been happening in the world of evangelism. . .

**MUKES:** Praise the Lord, I'm looking on the bright side of this thing. At least no recruiting scandals have been uncovered around the Oral Roberts University basketball team. Well, Oral Roberts University had a real fine hoop season. We played a hellaciously tough schedule that included several Jesuit Roman Catholic schools and we still almost made it to the NIT tourney. We don't worry about our student athletes having their waste products pored over in the laboratory!

We have had a few problems at Oral Roberts, particularly centered around the Medical School and the City of Faith Hospital here in Tulsa. Now that hospital is state of the art. It's got 110 stories in those gold triple towers. One of 'em goes up 60 stories. This hospital has 777 beds in it and, praise the Lord, they are not full. Still, the cost of running such an institution is phenomenal, and that's what our founder Oral Roberts had in mind when he said back in January—"I need some very quick money. I mean I need it now."

The hospital lost \$10 million last year, and they had to close down the Dental School. That hurt Oral, but he still wasn't able to cut the losses. I figure the Lord had to do something, so he threatened to terminate Reverend Roberts, it's as simple as that. People think Oral Roberts is making this up, just because on previous occasions he has threatened that God might take him. Well, like anybody else, if God sees something that works, he tends to stick with it. I firmly believe the Lord will recall Reverend Roberts if the deadline is not met. God doesn't bluff.

Now, thanks to a gentleman from Florida, it looks like the quota will be met. It is true that the donor of the funds is in the horse racing or dog racing business, but I like to think that money all came from people placing a bet with the Lord. As for the donor suggesting Oral Roberts see a psychiatrist—well, I think any psychiatrist, Christian or Jewish, would profit from meeting Oral Roberts.

My heart goes out to Tammy and Jim Bakker, praise the Lord! This time of adversity will surely strengthen them and the PTL Club. I think that Tammy is all through with the pills. We have seen Tammy admit her problem to God, herself, her family, the PTL Club, the country, and the world. We have seen the Bakker family forgive Tammy, and we can only try to find it in our hearts to do the same.

And now we see what all of this has done to Jim Bakker. His life is, as he says, "totally destroyed." All Jim has left is his faith in God, his \$449,000 house, and an annuity from PTL. And we can be a little forgiving. We now know that for several years Tammy was not herself. Although outwardly she

Sure evangelism is dirty work, we know that now, but have you ever heard them complain?



Arny Seidler

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT

By Glenn O'Brien

was still a highly attractive woman, inwardly she was in torment, regularly seeing devils and demons, Satan taking advantage of her overmedication, which no doubt made her an unsatisfactory partner in bed.

Throughout all this time, Jim Bakker performed his duties as head of the PTL Club, to which the Lord entrusted \$139 million a year, and he often found himself exhausted by hard work and pressure. It was an exhausted, frazzled Jim Bakker—a Jim Bakker too tired to look out for the devil—who was persuaded

by another preacher to receive a therapeutic massage from Jessica Hahn of Babylon, Long Island, that fateful night in 1980. Jim was an exhausted man whose wife was unbeknownst to him. If the Lord would turn the other cheek, might He not also once in a while look the other way?

Jessica Hahn of Babylon—yes Babylon—Long Island, says drugged wine made her unable to resist Bakker's sexual advances. My guess is that Miss Hahn misinterpreted Reverend Bakker's sudden relaxation for a sexual

advance. I figure he just let out a big groan of relief while getting massaged, and she figured that to be some kind of foreplay. It's possible the whole sexual episode was a case of mistaken groaning.

What does seem unclear in this matter is how this information leaked out. The Bakkerites have suggested that maybe Jimmy Swaggart got this word of Babylon to reveal her night with Bakker in an attempt to take over the PTL Club. I myself feel this scenario is an invention of the atheist press. I believe Jimmy is truly praying for Jim and Tammy and vice versa, and Oral Roberts is praying for all of the above and vice versa, and that goes for Bob Schuller too. And I personally feel Jim Bakker is through with this sex business and there's no reason to crucify the PTL Club.

As I speak to you now from the pay phone in the Prayer Tower, the Assemblies of God elders are meeting to decide whether they should expel the Reverend Richard Dortch from the PTL Club. Reverend Dortch, who has been like unto the right hand of Jim in the past, has been criticized for arranging a trust fund for Miss Jessica Hahn of Babylon, Long Island, in the amount of \$265,000. This sum has been called blackmail or hush money. But I say this was a simple act of Christian charity. Is it so difficult to understand that this money was given to this scarlet woman as a way to give her a new start in life, much as Jesus used to let Mary Magdalene eat with his disciples?

And now the yellow press, they're trying their damndest to get to Jerry Falwell, now that he has taken the helm of PTL. The radical liberal *U.S. News & World Report* has been carrying on about how Falwell raised \$3.2 million for famine relief and then only spent about \$300,000. Well, the Marxist government of Sudan refused the aid, and all the Moral Majority could do was pray! But Falwell was not dissuaded, and he appealed for more donations in June 1985, saying "food and medical supplies are running low," and how was he to know that the Moscow puppet rulers of Sudan were not going to change their minds?

Meanwhile, Jerry has sued that atheist, crippled pomographer Larry Flynt for emotional distress, and all the libel and invasion of privacy have been thrown out of court, stands to win \$200,000, which he ought to give to Jim Bakker to pay back to the PTL Club for what went to the woman from Babylon, and then everyone will be pretty much square. Although I don't see why Jerry Falwell has to send \$3 million off to some place in Africa that doesn't even want the money, when here in Tulsa, behind 60-foot-high bronze praying hands, stands an institution that combines prayer with medicine, and I'm talking about the City of Faith. The world of evangelism must unite to fight off these attacks from the outside.

If it doesn't, I'm afraid the Lord might take our whole basketball team before the next NCAA Tournament.



**T**he Reverend Styron Mukes, assistant strength coach of the Oral Roberts University varsity basketball team talks about the scandals that have rocked the world of evangelism.

**SPIN:** Reverend, a lot has been happening in the world of evangelism. . .

**MUKES:** Praise the Lord, I'm looking on the bright side of this thing. At least no recruiting scandals have been uncovered around the Oral Roberts University basketball team. Well, Oral Roberts University had a real fine hoop season. We played a hellaciously tough schedule that included several Jesuit Roman Catholic schools and we still almost made it to the NIT tourney. We don't worry about our student athletes having their waste products pored over in the laboratory!

We have had a few problems at Oral Roberts, particularly centered around the Medical School and the City of Faith Hospital here in Tulsa. Now that hospital is state of the art. It's got 110 stories in those gold triple towers. One of 'em goes up 60 stories. This hospital has 777 beds in it and, praise the Lord, they are not full. Still, the cost of running such an institution is phenomenal, and that's what our founder Oral Roberts had in mind when he said back in January—"I need some very quick money. I mean I need it now."

The hospital lost \$10 million last year, and they had to close down the Dental School. That hurt Oral, but he still wasn't able to cut the losses. I figure the Lord had to do something, so he threatened to terminate Reverend Roberts, it's as simple as that. People think Oral Roberts is making this up, just because on previous occasions he has threatened that God might take him. Well, like anybody else, if God sees something that works, he tends to stick with it. I firmly believe the Lord will recall Reverend Roberts if the deadline is not met. God doesn't bluff.

Now, thanks to a gentleman from Florida, it looks like the quota will be met. It is true that the donor of the funds is in the horse racing or dog racing business, but I like to think that money all came from people placing a bet with the Lord. As for the donor suggesting Oral Roberts see a psychiatrist—well, I think any psychiatrist, Christian or Jewish, would profit from meeting Oral Roberts.

My heart goes out to Tammy and Jim Bakker, praise the Lord! This time of adversity will surely strengthen them and the PTL Club. I think that Tammy is all through with the pills. We have seen Tammy admit her problem to God, herself, her family, the PTL Club, the country, and the world. We have seen the Bakker family forgive Tammy, and we can only try to find it in our hearts to do the same.

And now we see what all of this has done to Jim Bakker. His life is, as he says, "totally destroyed." All Jim has left is his faith in God, his \$449,000 house, and an annuity from PTL. And we can be a little forgiving. We now know that for several years Tammy was not herself. Although outwardly she

Sure evangelism is dirty work, we know that now, but have you ever heard them complain?



Amy Seashler

## WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT

By Glenn O'Brien

was still a highly attractive woman, inwardly she was in torment, regularly seeing devils and demons, Satan taking advantage of her overmedication, which no doubt made her an unsatisfactory partner in bed.

Throughout all this time, Jim Bakker performed his duties as head of the PTL Club, to which the Lord entrusted \$139 million a year, and he often found himself exhausted by hard work and pressure. It was an exhausted, frazzled Jim Bakker—a Jim Bakker too tired to look out for the devil—who was persuaded

by another preacher to receive a therapeutic massage from Jessica Hahn of Babylon, Long Island, that fateful night in 1980. Jim was an exhausted man whose wife was unbeknownst to him. If the Lord would turn the other cheek, might He not also once in a while look the other way?

Jessica Hahn of Babylon—yes Babylon—Long Island, says drugged wine made her unable to resist Bakker's sexual advances. My guess is that Miss Hahn misinterpreted Reverend Bakker's sudden relaxation for a sexual

advance. I figure he just let out a big groan of relief while getting massaged, and she figured that to be some kind of foreplay. It's possible the whole sexual episode was a case of mistaken groaning.

What does seem unclear in this matter is how this information leaked out. The Bakkerites have suggested that maybe Jimmy Swaggart got this word of Babylon to reveal her night with Bakker in an attempt to take over the PTL Club. I myself feel this scenario is an invention of the atheist press. I believe Jimmy is truly praying for Jim and Tammy and vice versa, and Oral Roberts is praying for all of the above and vice versa, and that goes for Bob Schuller too. And I personally feel Jim Bakker is through with this sex business and there's no reason to crucify the PTL Club.

As I speak to you now from the pay phone in the Prayer Tower, the Assemblies of God elders are meeting to decide whether they should expel the Reverend Richard Dortch from the PTL Club. Reverend Dortch, who has been like unto the right hand of Jim in the past, has been criticized for arranging a trust fund for Miss Jessica Hahn of Babylon, Long Island, in the amount of \$265,000. This sum has been called blackmail or hush money. But I say this was a simple act of Christian charity. Is it so difficult to understand that this money was given to this scarlet woman as a way to give her a new start in life, much as Jesus used to let Mary Magdalene eat with his disciples?

And now the yellow press, they're trying their damndest to get to Jerry Falwell, now that he has taken the helm of PTL. The radical liberal *U.S. News & World Report* has been carrying on about how Falwell raised \$3.2 million for famine relief and then only spent about \$300,000. Well, the Marxist government of Sudan refused the aid, and all the Moral Majority could do was pray! But Falwell was not dissuaded, and he appealed for more donations in June 1985, saying "food and medical supplies are running low," and how was he to know that the Moscow puppet rulers of Sudan were not going to change their minds?

Meanwhile, Jerry has sued that atheist, crippled pornographer Larry Flynt for emotional distress, and all the libel and invasion of privacy have been thrown out of court, stands to win \$200,000, which he ought to give to Jim Bakker to pay back to the PTL Club for what went to the woman from Babylon, and then everyone will be pretty much square. Although I don't see why Jerry Falwell has to send \$3 million off to some place in Africa that doesn't even want the money, when here in Tulsa, behind 60-foot-high bronze praying hands, stands an institution that combines prayer with medicine, and I'm talking about the City of Faith. The world of evangelism must unite to fight off these attacks from the outside.

If it doesn't, I'm afraid the Lord might take our whole basketball team before the next NCAA Tournament.